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LETTERS

lost sentence

Haverford, Pa.

DEAR SIRS: Somewhere in the editing of my article "Women Writing" [*The Nation*, Sept. 10] the reference to Barbara Deming's article in the June 1973 *Liberation* magazine got lost. Thus my later reference to it makes no sense. In the sentence dropped, I wrote that Barbara Deming persuasively argues in that article that "The 'male' and 'female' aspects of each of us need to be brought back together so that the impulse of self-assertion and the impulse of sympathy are clearly joined (the essence, she points out, of nonviolent action)." In the context of my article this may be an important point to include.

Ann Morrissett Davidon

not so scot-free

Toronto, Canada

DEAR SIRS: Roger Neville Williams' review of James Reston, Jr.'s *The Amnesty of John David Herndon* [The *Nation*, June 11] contains several basic errors. Williams states: "There is, and there will be, no amnesty. Yet John David Herndon, a deserter from the U.S. Army, after two years in exile in Paris, is home scot-free."

Herndon didn't, however, get "home scot-free." He spent three weeks in the stockade before the Army released him with a bad conduct discharge. His punishment didn't end with the stockade. Less than honorable discharges are life sentences. Those who get them quickly learn that they aren't eligible for most VA and GI Bill benefits. A person with a bad discharge and a combat injury, for example, is ineligible for VA health care programs.

Furthermore, military discharge information is carried over into civilian life via the job application form that calls for an explanation of one's military record. Many employers treat such vets as bad job risks and refuse to hire them. A bad discharge is double jeopardy. According to Pentagon figures, there are more than a half million Vietnam era vets with bad discharges. A very large percentage of these discharges is for being AWOL or for other forms of protest against the war.

Williams, himself a recently returned draft exile, is shockingly glib: ". . . A dishonorable discharge in this war is like a medal, a sublime distinction." As an Army deserter, I'm proud that I refused to fight in Indochina; however, I know that the bad discharge that awaits me on return to military control will have a serious effect on my future.

Another mistake is his belief that most war resisters are in exile and that of the returning draft exiles "none that I know of has gone to jail. . . ." An examination of the record shows that in the year ending June 1972, of the 1,642 convicted draft resisters, fifty-three were imprisoned. Sixteen got the maximum five-year sentence. After the category of bad discharges, the second largest group is those underground in the United States, for which estimates range from 80,000 to 200,000. In terms of total numbers, amnesty is not primarily an issue of exile.

Instead of limply arguing that there will never be amnesty, Williams could have analyzed the effects Watergate and Cambodia are having on the Nixon amnesty hard line. . . . Roger Williams notwithstanding, there will be amnesty, but how just it will be depends on how clearly it is presented to the American public.

Jack Colhoun
Amex-Canada

The editors regret that space limitations prevent them from considering for publication letters of more than 250 words.

EDITORIALS

Muted Return

When the Senate Watergate Committee recessed on August 7, it had brought its investigations to a peak of public interest and given the nation reason to believe that, even in the debased atmosphere of the Nixon Administration, the principles and instruments of American democracy were still firm. The whole committee had earned the admiration of the country and its chairman, Senator Ervin, had become a popular hero, being widely hailed as "Uncle Sam."

Today, on the eve of the resumed hearings, the committee appears to have lost its vigor and, in the darkest view, Senator Ervin is in danger of resembling Jack Falstaff leading his troop of "tattered prodigals." It may not come to that; we are told that we shall hear from E. Howard Hunt, Jr. and Patrick Buchanan, the latter a shadowy figure whose influence seems to exceed the authority implied by his official role as White House speech writer. Charles Colson may possibly appear publicly before the committee and the nation, if it is determined that he can or will contribute any significant information; Donald Segretti's name appears on the agenda.

Nevertheless, the committee has returned from its vacation, which for the most part the members spent at home among their constituents, in what can be described only as a subdued mood. It is resuming later than had been planned and will complete its hearings earlier than was expected. After winding up its Watergate chapter, it will skim rapidly through the next two phases of its work, seeking no more than a bird's eye view of the "dirty tricks" attendant on the 1972 campaigns and the recruitment of vast sums of tainted money for extravagant electoral spending.

It seems probable, from what is being said by the usual "informed sources" in Washington, that the Senators discovered less enthusiasm back home for their investigation than they had been led to expect from their success on national television. During those long weeks of live coverage, they found themselves cast as the conscience of the nation and they rose to the occasion. But essentially they are politicians, and it appears now that they are marching to the beat of a different drum. It is said also that, over the months, they have learned great respect for and trust in the work of Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox, and are solicitous to avoid any channels of inquiry that might put a spoke in his wheel.

That may be true, but from the start the Senate committee and the White House have been engaged in psychological warfare, not only contesting over such legal matters as access to the tapes but vying also for the allegiance of the public. Mr. Nixon has urged, in phrases of unctuous self-interest, that we "put Watergate behind us" and get on with the nation's business (as though that could be done effectively with the poisons of Watergate suppressed but still virulent) and now it seems that the committee tends to agree with him.

Perhaps it does not; perhaps it envisions a program that will carry its work through to an invigorating con-

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clusion. But if it has no such program, has indeed lost its élan, the consequences may be worse than if it had never undertaken the job. To many Americans, Sam Ervin's committee seemed too good to be true; if now they are made to admit that indeed it was, the reaction into cynicism and despair will be disastrous, and Mr. Nixon will be sustained in his contempt for the people and their elected representatives. The Senate undertook to clean the stable; its special committee's first duty is to make plain that its members have not recoiled from the job.

Freeloader in Trouble

Vice President Spiro Agnew may have a case when he complains of leaks from the Department of Justice, which the media seized on to implicate him in wrongdoing (bribery, extortion, tax fraud) before a grand jury had heard the evidence and had decided for or against indictment. But, whether the grand jury brings in a true bill or not, and if it does, whether Mr. Agnew is acquitted or convicted, in a public relations sense he is in trouble. The latest revelations, published with almost complete absence of the customary safeguarding reservations by *The Wall Street Journal, The New York Times,* UPI, *Newsweek, Time,* CBS-TV and other media, are extremely damaging to Mr. Agnew's cherished image. It seems that he lived at the Sheraton-Park Hotel in Washington for four years, paying less than half the normal $1,900-a-month rent. That might be condoned—hotels frequently give discounts to celebrities—and presumably the Vice President did not mind being a shill for the Sheraton. But it will not be easy to explain the fact that the Agnew larder has been regularly stocked with free food from Food Fair Stores, the nation's third largest supermarket chain, although the vice president in charge of the donations protests that it was just a "gift among friends." Through the courtesy of the banker, real estate operator and wine connoisseur J. Walter Jones (also under scrutiny in Baltimore) the Agnew liquor cabinet has been kept full, while Harry A. Dundore, a retired tool manufacturer, contributed $15,000 of housekeeping cash.

No one has alleged that the Vice President gave any quid pro quo for these food baskets, and the Agnews are poor folk by the standards of, say, the Nixons. Mr. Agnew's salary is only $62,500 a year, plus an expense allowance of $10,000. When he moved from the Sheraton-Park it was into a $190,000 house in Bethesda, Md., apparently the only home in which he can lay his weary head. His friends contend that he is making a sacrifice for public service.

A public relations expert, nevertheless, might be reluctant to take on Mr. Agnew as a client. Watergate has changed the political climate. Today, it is most unlikely that Mr. Nixon could get away with the famous Checkers TV apologia of 1952: the $18,000 a year contributed by wealthy friends in California would get him bounced off the ticket. And what about Sherman Adams' acceptance of a vicuña coat and a rug from the industrialist Bernard Goldfine, or Abe Fortas' forced resignation from the Supreme Court in 1969, when it became known that he had accepted $20,000 from a foundation established

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by the financier Louis Wolfson? The Adams case is particularly pertinent. He was President Eisenhower's top aide and nothing else was adduced against his record as governor of New Hampshire or the other offices he had held.

The Ervin hearings have probably lowered the public tolerance for gratuities received by those who pose as public servants, and though the proprietor of waterfront houses in San Clemente and Key Biscayne can scarcely have ethical objections to the Vice President's acceptance of friendly charity, it begins to look as though the White House were getting ready to cut loose yet another of its embarrassments. So for the moment Mr. Agnew is up there, twisting slowly in the wind.

That Tax Audit

If Henry Clay was the "Great Compromiser," Richard Nixon is the "Great Explainer." He explains and explains, and each explanation requires another.

The present flurry of questions from the press (which Mr. Nixon feels is constantly persecuting him) concerns his finances. The media cannot help sniffing around these aspects of Mr. Nixon's semi-private activities because he lives on what the great majority of American citizens would regard as an extravagant scale. The media showed little interest in Harry Truman's finances because while his net worth may have been greater than Mr. Nixon's, he was not a sensational spender, nor did he have a reputation for cutting corners. For these reasons, quite aside from Watergate, it is fair to say that Mr. Nixon has only himself to blame for the questions that keep cropping up.

Candor is certainly not the President's outstanding virtue. Questioned at one of the press conferences he is now holding in a switch of policy, he gave only the most scanty information about his income tax payments, if any, in recent years. The audit by Coopers & Lybrand is likewise full of holes. It seems probable that, if the truth were known, Mr. Nixon would be a member of the "zero taxpayer's list" of persons with adjusted gross incomes of $200,000 a year, or more, who paid no federal income tax.

One incomprehensible factor in the President's tax liability is his gift of his pre-Presidential papers to the National Archives. The date of the gift, which would affect the allowable yearly deductions, is disputed, but even if all is as Mr. Nixon alleges, how was the value of these Vice Presidential documents established? We are told only that an "independent appraiser" valued them at $570,000. Who was the appraiser, and how did he arrive at that figure? A more basic question could be raised: by what right does a President or Vice President walk off with such material? They all do it, but shouldn't it be public property to begin with?

The President's answer to all such questions is that the Internal Revenue Service has made a "full field review" of his tax returns and found nothing to complain about. He must be putting us on. Who can conceive of a hard-nosed audit of any incumbent President's tax returns? *Newsweek* (September 17) has it on information and belief that Mr. Nixon's returns were processed by IRS deputy chief counsel Roger V. Barth, whose qualifications include service as Tricia Nixon's advance man in 1968 and as a character witness for G. Gordon Liddy.

What a pair they are—Agnew the freeloader; Nixon the corner cutter—to stand at the head of a great country. A marching and chowder club would demand more dignified officers.

The Ranchers vs. the Navy

The Navy has a screwball project that it first tried to foist on Wisconsin; now it is trying to sell it to Texas. It involves Extremely Low Frequency (ELF) electromagnetic waves for communication with deeply submerged Polaris and Poseidon submarines. These waves are good for nothing else; it is also doubtful that they would work for the intended purpose. But the Navy wants the installation, and what the Navy wants the Navy usually gets.

This time its prospects are dubious, however, despite the project name—Sanguine. The trouble is that buried antennas of enormous extent are required to transmit ELF waves. Wisconsin rebelled on that account, and before he left the Pentagon last January, Secretary of Defense Laird, a Wisconsin stalwart, suggested that the Navy try Texas. The prospects there are none too good. The installation would spread out over all of Llano County, nearly all of Mason County adjacent on the west, and parts of four other counties, comprising a rough oval shape about 80 by 60 miles, or some 5,000 square miles. The LBJ ranch is located on the southern boundary of the affected area.

The Navy says that its requirements for the actual installation would be more modest—only 1,250 square miles of 25-foot easements for trenches to bury the cable grids and for sites for generators, the latter providing the not so modest ELF output of 800 million watts. ("Save a watt.") When the cables had been laid, the trenches would be backfilled, and the power turned on. The easements could be obtained by condemnation ("national security"), but the Navy would prefer to checkerboard the area by friendly negotiation.

The ranchers are apprehensive, despite the Navy's assurance that all this electromagnetic energy they would be sitting on would have no deleterious effects on people, cattle, deer, etc. The Navy may have a case, since as a general rule electromagnetic energy affects living tissue only at far shorter wavelengths (higher frequency), i.e., stray radiation from radar ovens (an effect disputed by the manufacturers, but under investigation by ophthalmologists), X-rays, etc. But the landowners are not convinced. They look at the matter from a real estate standpoint; they also fear sterility in women and reduced libido in males—Texas males! They wonder what the grid would do to TV reception and fear that it would make the Texas counties a prime target for an "unthinkable" nuclear attack.

To the argument that the nuclear submarines can be reached by conventional radio communication if they rise near the surface, the Navy replies that spy satellites might detect submarines at such depths, whereas with Project Sanguine in operation they could remain hidden in 200

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feet of water. The Navy's stand is that it can be done, therefore it should be done. Navy technicians have been researching the scheme for fourteen years at a cost, so far, of $58 million. Installation cost is estimated at $200 million, but on the basis of experience that is not a reliable figure.

The most interesting aspect of the controversy is that the Texas ranchers are hawks and super-patriots almost to a man. But when it comes to land values and possible hazard to their own gonads, they think twice.

Lost World

It is a little sad—though not unjust—that the recent Algiers summit conference of nonaligned nations received such sparse news coverage. The newsmen were right to ignore it, for there is no news in all the rhetoric and posturing that mark these conferences. Each conference only makes observers more cynical about the Third World, and the journalists save themselves endless frustration by staying away.

But the lack of attention is sad because it reminds one of the lost promise of the Third World. Nonalignment came out of that famous conference of the poor and new countries in Bandung so many years ago. That conference received wide notice; Richard Wright even wrote a book about it. At that time leaders of the Third World like Nehru, and many of their sympathizers in the developed world, believed that the poor and new countries had a special force to offer. They stood for morality in a world controlled by two hypocritical world powers that cared only for their own survival.

That idea sounds naive today. After Biafra, Bangladesh, Uganda and Burundi—to cite only a few examples—no one seriously believes that the nonaligned have any special claim to morality. Nor is it easy to accept the Third World's commitment to nonalignment when the conferences refuse entry to Israel because of its ties to the United States, but accept Cuba despite its ties to the Soviet Union.

It probably is a sign of maturity these days that everyone understands the Third World to be as corrupt and bloodthirsty as the rest of the world, but it is hardly a sign of maturity that the leaders of the Third World still meet to make believe that they have something special to offer.

Several years ago President Julius Nyerere of Tanzania, one of the most astute leaders in the developing world, proposed that, when so many leaders get together, they discuss their real problem, which is economic. Nyerere has suggested that the Third World attempt to forge a united front against the industrial nations that depend on them for their minerals and primary agricultural commodities and usually set the price for buying them. But such sensible ideas get lost in all the phony fanfare of these conferences. There is so much excitement in applauding Fidel Castro for breaking diplomatic relations with Israel that the leaders cannot worry about important matters.

'DETERRENT FOR PEACE'

BOMBERS NESTING IN THAILAND

RICHARD CRITCHFIELD

Bangkok

The United States plans a much smaller but semi-permanent American military presence in Thailand, based on understandings with the Thai Government for rapid U.S. Air Force redeployment, if needed, during the next five to ten years. No one is yet guessing when or how much, but informed American sources say agreements are currently being negotiated with the Thai Government for use of facilities at half a dozen Thai bases (where 45,000 American military men are now stationed) should the threat of renewed bombing be required by another North Vietnamese offensive. As U.S. Ambassador to Thailand Leonard Unger, who is going home after fifteen years' involvement in Indochina, has put it, "There has to be a deterrent force in this area to make sure the Paris peace agreements do in fact take hold and last."

Nearly 37,000 of the U.S. forces here are Air Force personnel who were engaged until recently in the air support of Cambodia and Laos. Since these can be moved in and out of Thailand very rapidly from the Seventh Fleet or such U.S. Pacific bases as Guam and Clark Field in the Philippines, it is felt that a smaller American presence to keep the Thai bases in operational readiness can take the place of the present massive installation here.

Current intelligence estimates are that North Vietnam may not be able to wage another full-scale offensive such as in Tet 1968 or March and April of 1972 for another three to five years. North Vietnamese Party First Secretary Le Duan, the master strategist of the war since 1960, reportedly was given either very substantial reductions in military aid or nothing at all when he visited Peking and Moscow this past summer to negotiate annual aid agreements. American sources here believe there may have been a complete cutoff of all arms aid from China; they are skeptical about similar reports from Moscow.

Thus, the general feeling in Southeast Asia is that South Vietnam still has a reasonable chance of making it if the United States provides economic aid to the tune of

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$650 million to $700 million a year for at least two more years. The withdrawal of U.S. troops and redistribution of some 2 million acres of Mekong Delta land in recent years have undercut Hanoi's claim to be waging an authentic peasant movement for land and independence. If the economy, with U.S. support, manages to hold up, the immediate future for the Saigon government does not look all that bleak. Still, North Vietnam is showing less and less desire to work toward an electoral solution in South Vietnam and the June communiqué issued by Henry Kissinger and Le Duc Tho suggested no change of heart. Secretary Le Duan recently visited Peking to request more military aid, and even if he got turned down, as reported, there is no evidence that North Vietnam's war aims have changed or that another Communist offensive cannot be expected eventually.

U.S. officials currently estimate that there are 60,000 to 70,000 North Vietnamese troops in Laos, about 40,000 in Cambodia and 120,000 in South Vietnam (Saigon claims up to 300,000). In Laos, neutralist Premier Prince Souvanna Phouma has struggled to get the best settlement he can, but with the Pathet Lao retaining complete control of two-thirds of the country and a third of the population, it may not be too long before it holds a majority of seats in the new government. In theory, if the North Vietnamese do not withdraw their troops within sixty days, the United States could start bombing again. All the evidence of new bridges and road improvements along the Ho Chi Minh Trail suggests that they very much intend to stay, at least some of them.

In Cambodia, the Communist-led forces seem close to an outright victory and even the preferable negotiated return of Prince Sihanouk would probably mean the continued use of the country's eastern provinces as a supply base and a transit zone for North Vietnamese troop movements into South Vietnam. The question U.S. officials here are asking themselves—and so are Thailand's leaders—is what options will remain to the Americans if they renounce any use of force in Indochina whatsoever. The threat of renewed U.S. bombing remains the only deterrent left. For this reason the belief of the B-52 pilots and other American military men in Thailand that they will soon be home is regarded at the U.S. Embassy in Bangkok as highly premature.

Ambassador Unger believes China also wants the bases—and a credible U.S. bombing deterrent—to remain as insurance against the creation of a powerful Indochina united under Hanoi or a Southeast Asia power vacuum which Russia could fill. This fits in with what one of the three aides who accompanied Kissinger on the first secret mission to Peking told me two years ago (*The Nation,* August 16, 1971). He said that Chou En-lai had expressed some fear of Japan but more that the USSR, since 1963 North Vietnam's prime foreign supporter, would gain the supreme power position in Southeast Asia if the United States withdrew too precipitously.

One further element is the stability of Thailand itself. It is ruled today by two military men in their 60s, Prime Minister Thanom Kittikachorn and Deputy Prime Minister Prapass Charusathien, whose tandem authority was long ago sealed by the marriage of Thanom's son to Prapass' daughter. They have ruled for an even decade. At first they steered Thailand toward parliamentary democracy; then, as the U.S. position in Indochina markedly weakened, imposed martial law for a year, beginning in late 1971, and have since ruled with a firm military hand.

In Thailand, where 46-year-old King Phumiphon Aduldet is genuinely revered, and rice, warm weather, water and palm thatch have always been plentiful, democracy has never had much chance to take root, nor seemed to matter much. Since a bloodless revolution brought in a constitutional monarchy in 1932, the country has known more than a dozen coups and attempted coups, which were greeted in the past by shrugs.

Thanom and his military oligarchy, while not popular, had until this past summer won over popular acquiescence to their argument that a strong government was needed to protect Thailand's stability while new policies were hammered out to deal with the U.S. withdrawal and China's growing strength, and until the economy recovered from cuts in U.S. aid. While this has totaled almost $2 billion over the past twenty years and some $250 million a year in U.S. military and economic aid was coming in at the height of the war, direct economic assistance this year plunged from $54 million to $16 million. Military aid, under the past sixteen months of continuing resolutions in Congress, has fallen to $40 million from a high of $88 million during the Laos crisis of 1961, and $75 million in the late 1960s.

The Thai public might have gone along with the generals if, in response to outside pressure for food following the worldwide drought, the retail price of rice had not doubled in May. Today, despite seizure of private stocks and threats to execute hoarders, it refuses to come down. Among the average Thais, who are understandably less interested in tomorrow's threats to security than in eating at a price they can afford today, the generals' popular support has fallen to a record low. It might not take much agitation to stir up real trouble.

Thai's formerly docile students have capitalized on this disaffection. Since May, when a government scandal involving police and military officers hunting on a protected forest preserve gave them their opening, they have regularly taken to the streets in protest marches, demanding that the government either resign or produce a new parliamentary constitution within a few months. Thanom and Prapass charge that the students are subject to the manipulation of "a third hand," which everybody takes to mean the Communist underground. At first this was laughed off, but recently Thais have started to wonder if they really are the next domino.

But which Communists, in Thailand, is the pertinent question. Increasingly, the Chinese and the North Vietnamese look like rival camps. Bangkok regards the threat from Hanoi as being far more serious in Cambodia than in Laos. Laotians and Thais are closely related, many families straddling the Mekong, and the rail and highway life lines to Laos run through Thailand not across jungled mountains to North Vietnam; an Oriental-style deal can always be made.

There is no Mekong River to serve as a frontier with Cambodia, and it takes only a few hours to drive from the

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border to downtown Bangkok. If violently antagonistic Cambodians seized control of Phnom Penh, moved combat effective units up to the border and made threatening noises, the Thais say they would march.

Quite different are the Chinese-led Thai insurgents, of whom about 700 are on the southern Thai-Malaysian border, 2,000 in northeast Thailand and another 2,500 among the Meo hill tribes of northern Thailand. Thanom's position is that Peking must withdraw its present material support for these insurgents before any progress toward normalization of relations can be made.

The northeast Thai insurgency was launched in 1965, when the formation of a Thai patriotic front was announced in Peking. Its largely faceless leaders are of Chinese descent; insurgents wear Mao badges on their caps, and their clandestine radio is located in China's Yunnan Province. Their doctrine and propaganda is orthodox Maoist and they have every appearance of being a partial Chinese response to Hanoi's ideological breakaway and growing dependence on Russian support in the mid-1960s. The Chinese-led Thai insurgents have never attacked an American base nor harassed any of our lines of communication. Five sapper attacks mounted against the U.S. bases have all been by teams coming from North Vietnamese positions in Laos.

Some 40,000 Vietnamese living in northeast Thailand, 80 per cent of whom are said to be under Hanoi's discipline, have never taken part in the Thai Chinese-influenced insurgency. On the other hand, in the Phong Saly Province of Laos, where 15,000 Chinese soldiers are building two roads straight to the Mekong and Thai insurgent strongholds, the Chinese make no attempt to influence local North Vietnamese direction of the Pathet Lao. This increasingly dual nature of the Communist threat is all the more reason why the Thai generals support a continuation of the U.S. military presence (as well as because, along with their membership in SEATO, it provides their biggest bargaining counter in normalizing relations with China).

The value of this presence hangs on the credibility of the threat of renewed American bombing, which at the moment is almost nil. U.S. policy here is also affected by the paralysis in Washington since Watergate and repercussions of the apparently serious growing polarization between American liberals and conservatives. But as one U.S. official summed up current thinking, "There are all sorts of things the Communists could do, such as a spectacular invasion of Phnom Penh, which might make Americans at home desire to respond in some way. Knowing the Communists, they will probably do it." □

JUSTICE IN GAINESVILLE

THE REAL CONSPIRACY EXPOSED

FRED J. COOK

"The government is not on trial in this case," federal Judge Winston E. (Beau) Arnow insisted in repeated rulings against the Gainesville Eight—seven members of the Vietnam Veterans Against the War and a supporter, all accused by the government of plotting the violent disruption of the Republican National Convention in Miami in 1972.

Never was a judge more wrong. For the government, even more than the defendants, was on trial in the Gainesville Eight case; and when the jury returned its verdict on August 31, the government, in effect, was found guilty.

None of the politically motivated trials brought by the Nixon Administration's Internal Security Division of the Justice Department collapsed of its own weight as abjectly as did this one—not even the Berrigan case or the prosecution of Daniel Ellsberg in the Pentagon Papers imbroglio or the resounding defeat of the prosecution in the Camden Twenty-Eight draft board raid. The striking difference in Gainesville was that virtually the only evidence presented to the jury (no defendant took the stand) was the government's evidence; and so damning was this to the government that, when the jurors got the case, ten were so determined on acquittal that they did not even need to discuss the issues.

If the Gainesville verdict makes the kind of impact on official minds that it should, it could be a case of historic importance. For what a jury composed of middle-class Florida citizens said, at least by implication, was this: it is time to stop framing dissidents for political purposes through the use of unreliable and sometimes psychotic informers turned *agents provocateurs*; it is time to stop using authoritarian methods, for they are destroying the credibility of the government itself to the point that even the most solemn word of the Justice Department's representatives becomes almost worthless.

To understand all that is implied in the Gainesville verdict, it is necessary to take a step-by-step overview of this complicated case, the manner in which it developed and what ultimately became of the sensational charges.

In the defense view, the prosecution was intertwined with the Watergate scandal. As one defense attorney told Judge Arnow during legal arguments, the defense believed "that this prosecution is the ultimate Watergate cover-up." Here is the sequence of events cited as lending credence to this belief:

"On June 17, 1972, former CIA agent James McCord, at the time the security chief for the Committee to Re-Elect the President, was arrested with a group of

Fred Cook, for many years a contributor to The Nation, *is the author of* The Secret Rulers, *an examination of Mafia activities in New Jersey. His most recent book is* The Nightmare Decade: The Life and Times of Senator Joe McCarthy *(Random House).*

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helpers in the act of burglarizing the Democratic National Committee's Watergate headquarters.

¶On June 23, 1972 his attorneys (see Gerald Alch's testimony before the Ervin committee) discussed as a possible defense the patriotic need to counteract projected domestic violence.

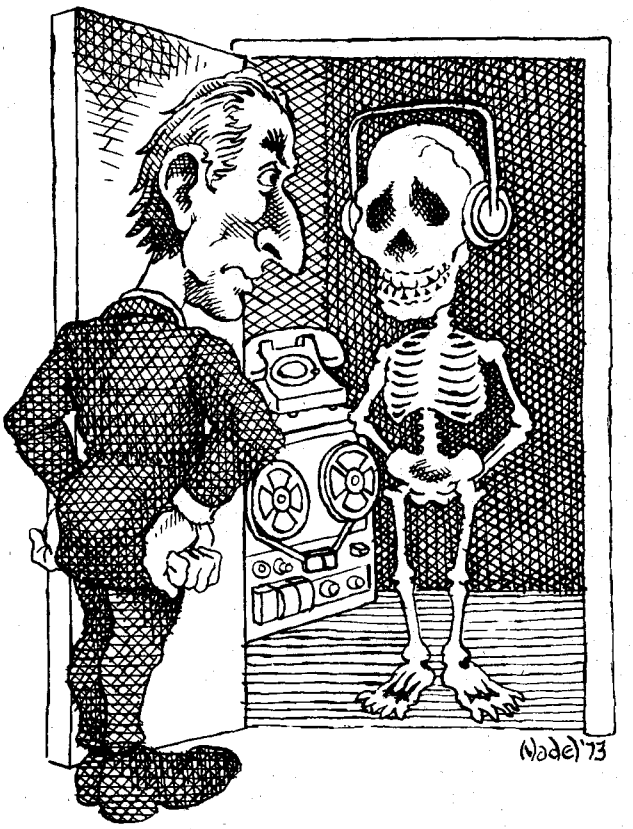
¶On June 27, a special federal grand jury was convened in the Northern District of Florida by the unusual device of having the clerk telephone jurors to appear for the special session. Guy L. Goodwin, chief of the special litigation section of the Internal Security Division, was in charge. Goodwin is the nattily dressed *éminence grise* of a whole series of Internal Security cases that have been almost invariably (like the Berrigan case) based on the word of informers. (See "The Grand Jury Network" by Frank J. Donner and Eugene Cerruti; *The Nation*, January 3, 1972.)

¶On July 3, the jury issued subpoenas for twenty-three VVAW leaders who had gathered in Miami Beach for proclaimed peaceful demonstrations at the Democratic National Convention. The VVAW leaders were summoned before the grand jury in Tallahassee on July 10.

¶On July 9, a Sunday, Carol Wild Scott, a Gainesville attorney who had represented Scott Camil, southeast regional coordinator of the VVAW, discovered that her law office had been burglarized. Desk drawers had been pulled out, papers scattered about, some vitamin pills strewn on the floor—but $25 in petty cash had been left untouched on her secretary's desk; a new electric typewriter, an adding machine, and other articles of value had not been taken. Just one item was gone—Ms. Scott discovered in an office check the following day that the entire file, including biographical material and notes on VVAW activities of Scott Camil, was missing. Ms. Scott also noticed that someone had apparently tampered with the telephone box in her office and the terminal box in the hall outside. There was a little pile of plaster on the floor under the box in her office and the terminal box bore evidence of having been jimmied. Police who were called made a routine investigation, found no traces of fingerprints, and went away.

¶On Monday, July 10, the twenty-three VVAW leaders were called before Guy Goodwin's grand jury. Thirteen were released after perfunctory questioning; the others were grilled more rigorously. By Wednesday four had been thrown into jail for contempt (Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas later ordered their release); and that night, the grand jurors were summoned by telephone for an extraordinary session. They indicted six of the veterans, including Scott Camil; subsequently, a superseding indictment was voted, naming the eight who eventually went to trial in Gainesville.

The indictment charged the veterans with conspiring "to organize numerous 'fire teams' to attack with automatic weapons fire and incendiary devices police stations, police cars and stores in Miami Beach." The plot contemplated, according to the indictment, the firing of "lead weights, 'fried' marbles, ball bearings, 'cherry' bombs, and smoke bombs by means of wrist rocket slingshots and cross bows." These were scary, headline-making accusations.



A fourteen-month legal battle followed. At the outset, the defense theorized that its ranks might have been infiltrated by informers—and so it put Guy Goodwin on the spot. It demanded that the U.S. Attorney state whether any of the twenty-three VVAW members originally summoned before the grand jury had been an informer for the government. Goodwin replied categorically under oath that none had. Later, when the case came to trial last summer, this statement was revealed as untrue. The government put one of the twenty-three, Emerson L. Poe, on the witness stand; and Poe, who had been a close friend of Scott Camil and who had been represented originally by attorneys for the defense, testified he had been an FBI informer since January 1972. According to reliable sources, Guy Goodwin may still be required to explain that one.

In the months of pretrial maneuverings, Judge Arnow aligned himself with the Establishment, not only by his repeated refrain, "The government is not on trial in this case" but by rulings that almost invariably upheld the Justice Department at the expense of the defense. His bias showed most clearly in pretrial hearings on June 20 and 21, 1973. Defense attorneys filed motions seeking to determine: "whether and to what extent employees or agents of the White House, CREEP, the FBI, the CIA, military intelligence or other agencies of the government participated in espionage, infiltration, sabotage, provocateurism, and electronic surveillance of the defendants or the Vietnam Veterans Against the War, the organization with which the defendants are affiliated." They also sought to probe the mystery of the theft of Scott Camil's file from Ms. Scott's law office.

Judge Arnow granted the defense an evidentiary hearing, but then so hedged it with rulings as to inhibit any

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genuine discovery. He refused to consider the issue of infiltration and provocateurs, limiting the hearing to just two issues: electronic surveillance, which is extremely difficult to prove, and the burglary of Ms. Scott's office, a crime never solved.

Defense attorneys, anticipating that they would be allowed to question witnesses on the electronic surveillance issue, subpoenaed a number of high officials, including former Atty. Gen. John Mitchell and Robert Mardian, who had headed Internal Security in the Justice Department before he joined CREEP. The importance of such potential witnesses insured media coverage.

The Columbia Broadcasting System was especially active. It sent an artist to draw sketches of the scene in the courtroom, an accepted procedure. Judge Arnow, seeing her sketching, confiscated her work and ordered her out of the courtroom. She sketched from memory what she had seen, and CBS exhibited some of her sketches along with a number of interviews on its nighttime news telecast.

Judge Arnow responded by issuing an order charging Robert Salant, head of CBS News, with contempt of court. CBS fought the action, arguing its right to cover the news under the First Amendment to the Constitution guaranteeing a free press. Judge Arnow ignored the First Amendment, convicted CBS and fined the network $500—a decision that was promptly overturned by the U.S. Court of Appeals.

The tempest with CBS was indicative of the more important tempest in the courtroom, when the defense tried to question its subpoenaed witnesses. Guy Goodwin met this threat by presenting affidavits in which each of the witnesses declared he had no knowledge of electronic surveillance. Goodwin himself, his credibility not yet called in question by the Poe matter, filed a blanket affidavit, saying that he had checked every source and had found no evidence of the wiretapping or bugging of any of the defendants.

This mere assertion of collective innocence was sufficient for Judge Arnow. Defense attorney Morton Stavis argued passionately and persistently that he was entitled to put witnesses on the stand and examine them. He cited precedents (especially the Justice Department's cover-up efforts in the Ellsberg case) to show that time and again the government's original professions had proved to be false and that admissions had been forced only by constant pressure. Judge Arnow quashed one subpoena after another on the mere representations of innocence in the Goodwin-filed affidavits.

Two developments were, however, noteworthy. FBI Agent Robert L. Pence, apparently in response to the defense's original motion which Judge Arnow had crimped to the single issue of electronic surveillance, had filed a sweeping affidavit. He averred: "I have caused inquiry to be conducted and as a result thereof have determined that no information in this case was derived from acts of espionage, infiltration, sabotage, provocateurism or electronic surveillance" conducted by employees of the White House, CREEP, CIA, military intelligence or "other agencies" of the federal government—all this in anticipation of a case which, when it came to trial, was marked by a parade of FBI and other informers telling their lurid stories!

Then there was Pablo Fernandez, a Cuban refugee and an informer who, it developed, had been paid by the Miami Police Department but whose information had been made almost instantly available to the FBI. Fernandez was an acute embarrassment to the prosecution. He had committed the indiscretion of giving an interview to Rob Elder of the Miami *Herald*, and in this he had said two startling things: he had played the role of *agent provocateur* by trying to get the VVAW to buy guns from him to disrupt the Republican convention, but the veterans had turned him down; and he had spied on the anti-war vets with electronic devices. Fernandez allegedly had given some testimony to this effect when he had been called before a federal grand jury investigating the activities of Donald Segretti, the ubiquitous dirty-tricks operator for President Nixon's CREEP. Defense attorneys requested the right to examine the grand jury minutes, but were denied it. Then they tried to subpoena Fernandez.

At first, it seemed, they had succeeded. A subpoena was actually served on Fernandez. However, Guy Goodwin argued before Judge Arnow (and was upheld) that the subpoena was invalid because it had been issued by the clerk of the Southern District Court in Florida, not by the clerk of the Northern District. The defense got the clerk of the Northern District to issue a second subpoena—but by this time Fernandez had disappeared.

The defense struggled desperately to bring out evidence about the missing Fernandez's electronic spying. It placed on the stand Angelica Rohan, who had been employed by the Florida Department of Law Enforcement and had known Fernandez. Larry Turner, a defense counsel, asked her: "Mrs. Rohan, did Fernandez reveal to you any electronic surveillance on any members of the Vietnam Veterans Against the War or—" She replied quickly: "Several times." Guy Goodwin leaped to his feet, roaring an objection to such "hearsay" testimony and was promptly sustained. Judge Arnow, in ruling, cast all blame on the defense, saying: "Mr. Turner, the problem is you should have Mr. Fernandez here."

When defense attorneys attempted to pursue such lines of questioning, Judge Arnow finally cut them off by threatening them with heavy fines. Typical was this threat to Morton Stavis: "You stand up there and you ask . . . every question you want to that goes into anything you want to do and every time that question is asked and it does not pertain to the limited purpose, I am going to instruct him [the witness] not to answer that question, and every time you ask the question, come up here and give the court $25." That effectively silenced Stavis.

Despite such rulings, more and more facts about this strange prosecution crept into public view. Maj. Adam Klimkowski, commander of the Miami Police Department's special investigative section, confirmed to the Miami *Herald* that Fernandez had indeed attempted to sell guns to the veterans. "We were hoping for the overt act necessary to produce a charge of conspiracy," he said. And he added: "In fact, I guess he [Fernandez] might make a good defense witness"—only, of course, Fernandez could not be found.

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More tenuous indications of some kind of linkage between the Florida prosecution and Watergate kept seeping out from under the prosecution's rug. Fernandez, it developed, had been an associate of Bernard L. Barker, the former CIA operative and kingpin of the Cuban contingent that had gone from Miami to Washington for the Watergate burglary. In a deposition filed in Broward County, another undercover man with Cuban and CIA ties, Vincent J. Hanard, declared he had received a telephone call from a man using the name "Eduardo" (the admitted alias of convicted Watergate conspirator E. Howard Hunt Jr.) offering him $1,500 a week to infiltrate the VVAW and cause trouble. Hanard, who had his hands full informing for the CIA, the FBI and the Miami police, and who described himself as "an instigator rather than an investigator," turned down the offer because the size of the stipend made him suspicious about what might be required of him. And anyhow, as he said in his deposition, he was already working trying "to expose the VVAW [as] being pink and Communist and all this stuff."

Such disclosures had no effect on the judicial process. Judge Arnow refused to recognize any indications that this was a politically motivated case; the evidentiary hearings were so limited as to be virtually worthless—and so the trial of the Gainesville Eight began later in July.

The defendants—the seven Vietnam War veterans and their lone associate—have remained bearded, long-haired, faceless persons to the American public at large. It is important, then, to get a peek at the men who went to trial. Here are vignettes of some of the principals:

William J. Patterson, 25, born in Norfolk, Va.; enlisted in the Army for three years in 1966; served twelve months in Vietnam, the first seven as a door gunner on a helicopter gunship. He says: "Most of the time we were flying search-and-destroy missions over free-fire zones near the Cambodian border where any living thing was a target. . . . One time there were three people fishing with fishnets in their hands . . . and they were all killed. Another time it was an old man riding his bicycle down the road . . . he was killed too. I watched defoliation, burning of crops and dwellings. We used to shoot flares horizontally into their dwellings at Cu Chi. They were star clusters and they would burst right in the hooch. It was a way to combat boredom. When we were flying, we killed everything that moved in the free-fire zones. Pigs, chickens, dogs, anything. . . ."

The Tet offensive in 1968 confirmed Patterson in his growing suspicion that the Vietcong "had the support of the people. It just couldn't have happened without the support of the people." Back in the States, out of service, he was stirred to action by the story of the My Lai massacre of Vietnamese civilians. "The day [Lieutenant William] Calley was sentenced I just couldn't restrain myself," he said. "It happened all the time. It was a thing we were all in." He went to the Provost Marshal at Fort Bliss, Tex., and reported that he had killed thirteen Vietnamese civilians on orders of his superiors. The Army turned a deaf ear. And so Patterson joined the VVAW.

For his services in Vietnam, he had been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Vietnamese Cross of Gallantry, the Purple Heart for wounds in action, three air medals, the Vietnamese Service Medal, the Combat Infantryman's badge, the National Defense Medal, Aerial Crewmembers Wings, and special decorations for the Tet and counter-Tet actions in which he participated.

Scott Camil, 27, born in Brooklyn, graduated from Hialeah High School in Florida in 1965 and three days later enlisted in the Marines. "I believed it was my duty as an American citizen to defend my country," he says. He spent twenty months in Vietnam as a Marine sergeant. "I saw a lot of people killed, I killed a lot of people, but I rationalized it as being in the interest of my country even though I knew that certain things I was doing weren't right, such as killing unarmed civilians. . . ." He was wounded twice—the first time by shrapnel in the legs, face and shoulder; the second time, by shrapnel in the right leg and by shrapnel and burns of the right shoulder and the perforation of an eardrum by an explosion. He received nine medals for his service in Vietnam. Back home, he read the Pentagon Papers and became convinced "that I had been tricked, deceived, used, and that my life had been made expendable for reasons that I didn't consider patriotic." In disgust, he joined the VVAW and threw his Vietnam service medals on the White House lawn during a veterans' march. On Thanksgiving Day, 1971, his Gainesville home was broken into; VVAW membership lists and accounts by Vietnam veterans about what they had seen in Vietnam were stolen.

John Kniffin, born in San Antonio, Tex., enlisted in the Marines for four years, became a staff sergeant and spent thirty-two months in Vietnam. "We were told we had to stop them in Vietnam or else we would be fighting them in the streets of San Francisco. Initially . . . I believed them. After I had been in the bush for awhile, I began to see that the victims were the people. . . . They gave you R and R (Rest and Recreation leave) based on body counts. It got to be a hunting game to see how many people you could kill so you could go on R and R to China Beach or Saigon. . . . You became mercenaries, fighting for R and R—killing to get a trip to Kuala Lumpur—killing just so you could get out of 'Nam for awhile. . . ." Kniffin summed up: "It takes you six months to two years to find out why your head is so messed up. They call it Post-Vietnam Syndrome."

Alton Foss, 27, perhaps the worst wounded of the veterans, born in Miami, graduated from Hialeah High School at 17 and enlisted in the Navy as a medical corpsman. He was sent to Vietnam with the 3rd Marine Division in 1965, and in an ambush south of Danang received two rounds of automatic weapons fire, shattering bones in his left leg and crippling him for life. He has had ten operations on his leg, has more to go, and has been given a 60 per cent disability rating by the Veterans Administration. He was kept under such heavy sedation at the Key West Naval Hospital that he became addicted to narcotics, eventually committing himself to a drug therapy program. He was arrested in the summer of 1972 by two officers of the Dade County Public Safety Office who accused him of possessing LSD. He was thrown into jail and offered "a deal." If he cooperated, he was told, he would not be indicted. He adds: "I don't know what they wanted to hear from me. They booked me into the

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jail and took my shoes—they said the shoes could be used as dangerous weapons. These were the shoes that the orthopedic section of the hospital gave me to hold my left foot in place and to brace the ankle. I tried to tell them that I had to have the shoes to walk, but they told me to 'hop or crawl.' " Foss said that he and his girl friend were later held in a motel by the FBI and that, under FBI direction, he made a telephone call to Scott Camil that was taped—this despite the fact, of course, that there was *no* electronic snooping in this case.

Such was the atmosphere of transparent provocateurism and entrapment in which the case of the Gainesville Eight came to trial on July 31. And, almost instantly, there occurred an incident that seemed to many to confirm all the earlier suspicions about electronic surveillance.

Defense attorneys and their clients had been assigned a room in the courthouse in which they could confer during the trial. As they were walking along the corridor toward this room on the opening day, Peter Mahoney, one of the accused veterans, happened to glance at the glass vent of the door of an adjoining cubicle. He saw the shadows of two men inside, reflected on the glass. The defense party halted. While some remained grouped outside the door, the lawyers raced off to find Judge Arnow. The judge sent U.S. Marshals to the scene; the door was opened—and out tumbled two FBI agents, dripping with electronic gear.

The agents had been working in the closetlike space that shared a common wall with the room assigned to the defense. They had with them a large Samsonite attaché case packed with such electronic gadgets as a battery pack, an amplifier, an output transmitter, a receiver, "a couple of little earphones," and other gear and tools. The defense was convinced—especially in view of all that had transpired earlier—that the FBI agents had been huddled in the closet, known as the telephone terminal room, for the purpose of eavesdropping on lawyer-client conferences during the trial.

Not so, the prosecution protested vigorously. In a quick informal hearing before Judge Arnow, the two agents—Carl Ekblad and Robert Romann—asserted that they had been only "checking the FBI [telephone] lines" that ran through the terminal room. Romann protested that he "had no knowledge" about the use of electronic devices and had been "only holding the paper" on which they were to take notes.

Defense attorneys tried to cross-examine the FBI agents, but Judge Arnow, adhering to the pattern of accepting as truth whatever the government professed to him, blocked most of their questions. The defense wanted a full evidentiary hearing in advance of trial, pleading for the right to call expert witnesses to determine the possible use of the kinds of equipment found with the agents; but Judge Arnow wouldn't hear of such delay. "Somebody has to believe somebody," he said in exasperation at one point, throwing down his pencil. The defense, he said, was "making mountains out of molehills"—and the trial went on. (At a later hearing during the trial, the Judge ruled that there was "no basis for belief" that the honorable gentlemen of the FBI had intended to spy electronically upon the defense.)

The jury that was impaneled to hear the case gave defense attorneys more reason to hope than had the Judge. The average age was 31. Seven were women, three were blacks, and one was a veteran of Vietnam. One of the women was the wife of a college professor; another, an elementary schoolteacher; a third had been seen eating lunch at a counter-culture health food store.

With the first witness, the credibility of the prosecution was again called into question. The witness was Charles R. Marshall Jr., a one-time private detective who managed the old frame house in Gainesville where Scott Camil lived. Marshall testified that Camil had showed him "wrist rocket slingshots," along with steel balls and "fried" marbles that would shatter on impact. He declared that Camil had told him the VVAW intended to disrupt the Republican convention violently.

Defense attorneys asked whether the prosecution had any Jencks Act material they should see—in other words, any records of pretrial questioning of the witness that should be given to the defense to determine whether the story he originally told matched the one he testified to in court. Jack Carrouth, who was handling the prosecution's case—Guy Goodwin, as always, stayed in the background, an evasive figure seen slipping in and out of the FBI offices but never in court—denied that the government had any such material.

Grilled by Larry Turner, however, Marshall testified that he had been interviewed by Claude Meadow, the FBI agent in charge of the Gainesville office. "He transcribed what I said and he asked me to read it and sign it and I did," Marshall testified. Carrouth still insisted: "We do not have any signed statement."

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Judge Arnow ("Somebody has to believe somebody") was becoming annoyed and ordered Meadow to search his files. The FBI agent returned with a 3-page document that he testified was a transcript of his dictated notes of an interview with Marshall on August 17, 1972. A heated debate followed about whether Marshall had signed such a statement and whether it qualified as Jencks material. At one point, William Patterson, who was acting as his own attorney, jumped up and told the Judge that one of the prosecutors "is shaking his head at the witness"—the shaking coinciding with Marshall's transparent attempt to modify his earlier testimony about signing the statement. Judge Arnow, increasingly angry, admonished the prosecutor: "Now, if you're shaking your head at the witness, you stop." Obviously unhappy about the prosecution's tactics in this instance, the Judge finally cut short the argument and ordered Marshall's original statement turned over to the defense.

It was an opening skirmish that, like so much else in this checkered case, seemed significant not so much for the testimony as for what it seemed to say about the ethics of the prosecution.

The government's principal witness against the veterans was William W. Lemmer, a stocky man with long hair and a walrus mustache. Lemmer had been a paratrooper in Vietnam, and he had told a Congressional committee on one occasion that the Army had threatened him with a psychiatric discharge. The VVAW had long been aware of his role as an FBI informer and probable *agent provocateur*.

Pausing at times to breathe heavily, Lemmer testified that Scott Camil had told him he was forming "political assassination squads" to disrupt the Republican convention. He quoted Camil as saying training sessions had been conducted at a remote farm with facilities for "rifle, pistol and mortar" practice and that the VVAW were obtaining guns by selling drugs. Since there had been no mention in the indictment of drugs, mortars or political assassinations, defense attorneys objected to this testimony, but Judge Arnow permitted it.

The crux of Lemmer's testimony involved his account of a rally of the VVAW at Camil's home on May 27, 1972. He declared that the veterans had exhibited fish-line bolos designed to trip up police horses; fire bombs made from drugstore chemicals; and hand grenades made from cherry-bomb firecrackers. Kniffen, he said, had fired a shaft from a crossbow through 6 to 8 inches of wood; others had demonstrated their wrist rocket slingshots; and Camil, for no reason at all, had whipped out a derringer and fired a bullet through a mound of papers.

The least believable bit of Lemmer's testimony came in this sequence: he acknowledged that at this very meeting the VVAW had unmasked him as an FBI informer. They had become suspicious after finding that, when arrests were made, Lemmer somehow always managed to be released fairly quickly, as if he had a guardian angel somewhere, and Lemmer, when taxed with this, had admitted his role as a spy. Yet, if Lemmer was to be believed, it was *after* this exposure that Scott Camil invited him to a clandestine meeting of the VVAW and propositioned him to "fill a contract" for a gangland-type slaying.

Another fierce legal battle raged about Lemmer's testimony. Defense attorneys had a fourteen-hour tape-recorded confession that Lemmer had made to two of his former VVAW comrades after he had been exposed at the Gainesville meeting. From the tape, it appeared that Lemmer had developed an almost paranoid fear of military intelligence, whose agents he felt were harassing him for his anti-war activities after he left the Army. And so he had fallen into the clutches of the FBI because "I had security problems that I was worried about and for self-protection. I used my position [as an informer] to cover a lot of people, myself included."

The FBI was only too happy to "protect" him in return for his services. Lemmer became head of the VVAW apparatus in Arkansas, and according to the veterans, he was always in the forefront, advocating the most violent measures. This agitation for extreme action was coupled with a sudden affluence. His former wife, Mary, later recalled that her virtually penniless husband showed signs of unusual prosperity about October 1971 (Lemmer, in his confession to the VVAW in May 1972, said he had been an FBI informer for nine months). His wife said that he bought new clothes, flew all over the country to VVAW meetings, and traded in his old car for a new $3,847 Toyota sports model.

The available evidence indicates that this sudden affluence entailed obligations; that Lemmer became the ever more helpless puppet of his FBI controllers. Thus he had no choice but to follow orders when the FBI directed him to go South to attend the late May meeting in Scott Camil's home.

Lemmer had been involved in a demonstration in Washington before he left and had met Barbara Stocking, 43, a teaching fellow at Boston University, who planned to attend the political conventions. He offered her a ride South, and she accepted. In an affidavit she later filed with the court, she said that, during the entire two-day trip, Lemmer talked almost constantly about violence. He warned her against attending the Republican convention because "all the VVAW leaders were going to be picked up and taken out of circulation."

"Whenever we stopped along the way," Miss Stocking's affidavit continued, "as soon as we were at a table or counter, he began talking in a loud voice about shooting, bombing and the like. I asked him to stop but he still did not. When we got to Gainesville and went to the house of Scott Camil, which was where he was going to stay, he again talked of shooting and bombing."

(After the trial, Lemmer and Miss Stocking confronted each other on Mike Wallace's CBS *Morning News* show. Lemmer charged that she was lying and challenged: "I'll match polygraphs with you, sweetheart." Miss Stocking accepted, and CBS arranged for both to take lie detector tests. The tests showed that Miss Stocking "showed no signs of deception," but that Lemmer showed such signs "in several areas.")

Lemmer's increasingly erratic conduct had precipitated a break with his wife. In June 1972, shortly after the Miami meeting, Mary Lemmer retained a divorce lawyer and had her husband held for a sanity hearing. In affidavits filed in Fayetteville, Ark., at that time, Mrs. Lemmer charged that he kept a loaded weapon with him and

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that he had threatened both her and her lawyer. Police confiscated a loaded .22-caliber pistol and a loaded .22-caliber rifle that Lemmer kept. Lemmer himself was released after being examined by a young general practitioner, who recommended that he see a psychiatrist.

Mrs. Lemmer subsequently turned over to the VVAW defense three rambling letters she had received from her husband after their separation. In these, he bragged of his importance to the government, boasted about his grand jury testimony against the veterans, and threatened vengeance on some of the VVAW leaders whom he blamed for their marital breakup. In one letter he wrote that, if he came to get the veterans, it would not be noisily but in "tennis shoes" with a "length of piano wire."

The defense struggled desperately to get this picture before the jury, and the prosecution protested that any reference to Lemmer's psychiatric background would be prejudicial because it would lead the jurors to infer that he "was crazy." Judge Arnow followed his usual pattern of siding with the prosecution. When he did permit questions about Lemmer's state of mind, it was usually out of the presence of the jury; and when the defense tried to show that Lemmer had been an *agent provocateur*, the Judge ruled that they were ranging too far afield.

At only one point did the Judge become annoyed at the prosecution. This again involved a dispute over Jencks Act material. The Judge had ordered the prosecution to turn over such material, if it had any, to the defense, but the prosecution stalled. Not until Lemmer had left the stand on direct examination did the government suddenly give the defense two written statements and ten hours of cassette tape recordings. Judge Arnow, angry at this tardy implementation of his earlier order, suspended trial for a day to give the defense an opportunity to study the material, then summoned Carrouth and U.S. Attorney William Stafford into his chambers. The session lasted forty-five minutes and apparently was not pleasant. The attorneys emerged grim and tight-lipped; and when asked what the Judge had told them, they muttered "No comment." (Even this apparent judicial bawling out had little effect in making the prosecution toe the ethical line. At the end of the trial, after the defense had rested its case, FBI Agent Claude Meadow, who had been in the courtroom throughout, suddenly gave defense attorneys 48 more pages of Lemmer material that the prosecution had still withheld.)

Lemmer was followed to the stand by a parade of other informers and police undercover agents. By their very number, they demonstrated the truth of Angelica Rohan's earlier comment in one interview when she said: "Darling, the spies were spying on the spies that were spying on the spies."

Perhaps the most dramatic confrontation of the trial took place when the government called Emerson L. Poe —the informer who had not been an informer, according to Guy Goodwin's sworn word. Poe, who had been the principal friend and confidant of Scott Camil, turned out to be almost as helpful to the defense as to the prosecution. He testified about a newsletter the VVAW had issued, detailing plans for demonstrations at the Republican convention. The newsletter, however, had emphasized that the demonstrations must be *peaceful* and had cautioned that any acts of violence would play into the hands of the Nixon Administration.

The document did refer to a "supply of extremely well-made slingshots that have proven themselves," and it urged members to order these devices promptly. It continued: "Marbles, ballbearings and lead weights are extremely effective defensive projectiles." Throughout, the letter recommended action only if the demonstrators were attacked by police; and Poe, on cross-examination, admitted that the newsletter contained the *only* knowledge he had about convention plans.

The defense was furious at the emergence of Poe as an informer. It contended that the Justice Department had deceived it; that Poe had infiltrated the defense camp, had been represented for a time by defense attorneys, had eavesdropped on defense strategy. After these legal arguments had been made—and rejected—Scott Camil, who was handling his own defense, took up the cross-examination of Poe. Leaning on the lectern, staring at the man who had been his closest friend, Camil asked: "Would you say we were good friends?"

"No. I don't consider myself a friend," Poe told him.

There was a moment of deathly silence in the courtroom. Then Camil, a wiry figure with a bushy black beard, hammered the witness with a series of relentless questions.

Had Poe given a surprise birthday party for Nancy McGown, Camil's girl friend?

Had Nancy and Camil himself come out to Poe's farm to ride horses?

Had they gone to Poe's home to help decorate a Christmas tree?

To each question, in a voice becoming progressively weaker, the witness answered: "Yes."

"Did Nancy and I console your wife after her miscarriage?" Camil demanded.

"I don't recall," Poe replied, finally seeking refuge in faulty memory.

There is not much else that needs to be said about the trial of the Gainesville Eight. The defense called only one witness, an expert who testified that the type of bombs described by prosecution informers would never work. Then the defense rested, deciding to let the government's case collapse of its own weight.

And it did just that. When the jurors got the case on August 31, only two felt that there was anything to discuss; and as they said afterwards, this was mainly because they felt jurors were supposed to discuss *something*. After staying out three and a half hours, the jurors, all wearing broad smiles on their faces, filed into the courtroom and gave their verdict, acquitting all defendants. While the veterans and their lawyers, half-laughing, half-crying in relief, hugged each other and slapped each other's shoulders, the defeated prosecution team slunk out of a side door of the courtroom to avoid the press.

The Labor Day weekend that followed was a euphoric time in Gainesville. The defendants, their lawyers and well-wishers and members of the jury mingled at a victory party. In the exchange of views that took place,

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the jurors said they had all felt that the government's case had been preposterous. As some said, these were Vietnam veterans who had been in combat, and if they had wanted to commit violence, they would have known how to do it. They wouldn't have had to rely on slingshots.

Another woman juror perhaps epitomized what was at stake in Gainesville better than anything else. She had voted for President Nixon in 1972, she said; Spiro Agnew was her hero; she detests long hair and beards (a prejudice that should have influenced her against the veterans)—but, despite all this, the government's case, she felt, was just so bad that she had become disgusted.

When the Guy Goodwins and their paid informers cause that kind of revulsion in a conservative Middle American, they have lost the ball game. And unless the new Justice Department of Elliot Richardson heeds the warning signal, the government and the country will have lost an even larger ball game; for, in that case, it will become increasingly difficult for a growing number of Americans to believe that there is any truth or honor left in the system. □

GENEEN & NIXON

MIRROR IMAGES OF POWER

WILLIAM RODGERS

With a shred of poetic license, it seems reasonable to speculate that two of the most successful men of power in the 20th century, each masterminding his own rise to eminence in separate but related domains, may emerge as a pair of anti-heroes whose transgressions, along with their accomplishments, will surely guarantee them enduring names in history.

Each is a chief executive of multinational importance whose influence stretches across the world; each was elected by a constituency confident it was choosing a competent, qualified personage embodying its aspirations, responsive to its needs, an exquisitely representative trustee of its hopes and resources.

Possibly, if perhaps unintentionally, the constituencies that twice elected Richard M. Nixon President of the United States and repeatedly chose Harold Sydney Geneen chief executive of International Telephone and Telegraph Corp. got both more and less than their mandate prescribed.

In many more ways than one, each of these world-renowned luminaries appears to be a model of the other —short on scruple, tenacious, devious, indefatigable, defensive, demanding exacting subservience of subordinates, ruthless when necessary, intolerant of sloth, and single-mindedly dedicated to the retention of power. It was probably inevitable that their paths would cross and their interests merge.

Their fates are now in question. Nixon's stock, as measured by public confidence, which was misplaced to begin with, has fallen so drastically that if last November's election were held today, George McGovern would probably win. Geneen's stock, as measured by the market price of ITT securities, and in spite of the conglomerate's uninterrupted increase in quarterly earnings over the fourteen years of his tenure, has sagged to a frightening low. ITT Common, selling in the $60 range at the beginning of 1973, had plummeted to below $30 by September. With both Geneen and his corporate stock thus depressed, he is disabled from indulging in his fondest pastime of buying up other companies, of which he has acquired more than has any other manager or conglomerate in the world.

Neither investors nor Wall Street analysts have ever conferred on Geneen and ITT the highest accolade they have to offer: that is, trading a stock at a high multiple of the market price in relation to earnings. In spite of the fact that ITT produced a growth record in twelve years equal to forty years for IBM, that other notable growth company of the century, the price of ITT stock has generally been low in comparison to earnings. Somewhat like Nixon, Geneen has evoked more hope than trust from his militant constituency. A multinational conglomerate, gobbling up companies and paying for them with equity, needs a strong stock, just as a President like Nixon needs the underpinning of a supportive electorate in his seizure of power.

While little publicity has attended the fact, owing to Geneen's predisposition to Nixonian secrecy, a distrust of ITT stock on Wall Street is a quietly prevailing condition. Writing of accumulating ITT woes in *The New York Times* of August 6, Michael C. Jensen disclosed that two years ago a securities analyst at Smith, Barney & Co. prepared a "devastating" study of ITT's arcane accounting practices and other criteria. The documented study concluded that its stock was not a good buy. The report was never published, and Jensen wrote: ". . . today the few copies in existence are jealously guarded and have become a sort of titillating collector's item." The author left Smith, Barney for a job in another firm.

Much though Nixon and Geneen may want to put all possible distance between themselves at this sorry time, nothing short of an unthinkable military coup, with Nixon in command and somehow suppressing every investigative and judicial inquiry, is likely to prevent further disclosures of an association between these flinty managers for the exercise of unquestioned power.

William Rodgers, a journalist and social critic, is the author of Brown-Out: The Power Crisis in America *(Stein & Day). He is working on a book which will investigate the thesis that the federal government has become an extension of corporate power.*

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Thus far, no one outside the White House or Archibald Cox's staff knows what supportive or extenuating data exist in files which Cox extracted, after considerable delay and arm twisting, from Nixon and his battery of advisers. But these records have some bearing on the tainted ITT-Hartford merger as well as on the $400,000, or whatever the amount was, pledged by Geneen to the 1972 Republican convention.

Working in the wings with litigative complaints and some evidence of their own are young Reuben Robertson III and several colleagues from Ralph Nader's Study of Responsive Law Project, one of his several public-interest operations. The Robertson group is ready—if other inquiries falter—to seek in the courts divestiture of the Hartford Fire Insurance Co. by ITT.

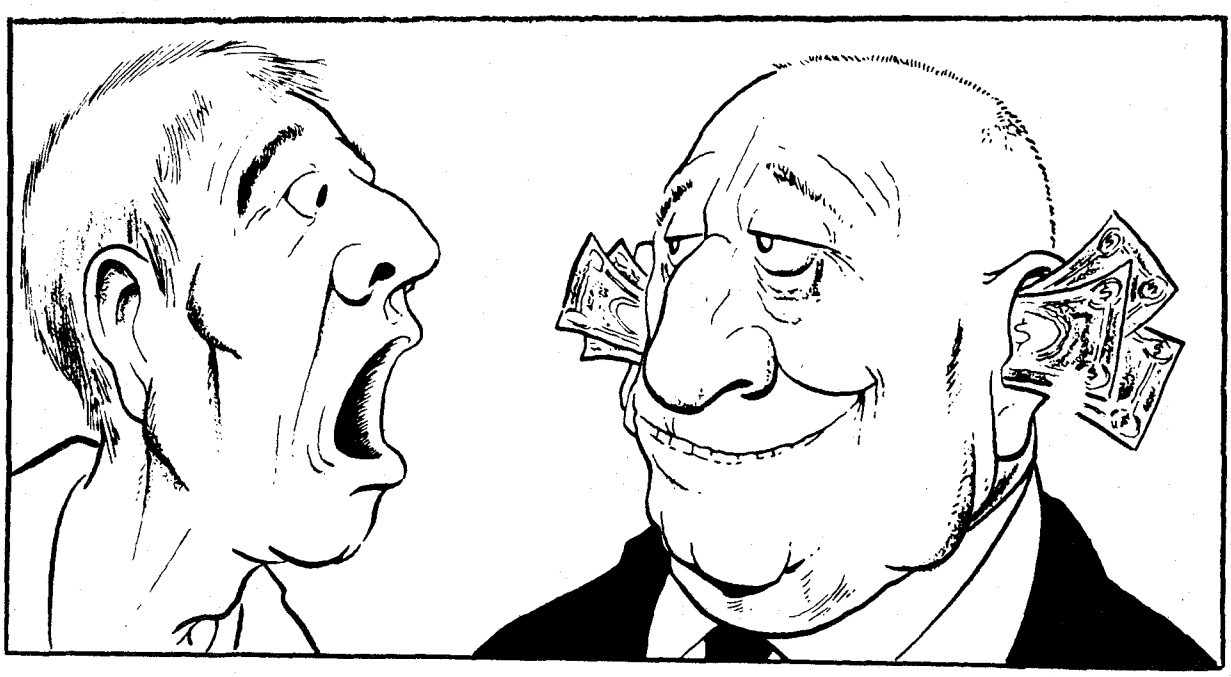
Robertson remains convinced that the merger of the $1.5 billion insurance company with ITT was a massive exercise in corruption, payoff and illegal Administration intervention from the time it was first rejected by the state insurance commissioner in Connecticut until Richard McLaren, then head of antitrust in the Justice Department, caved in and blocked the case from going to trial. After reversing himself, as did the Connecticut government, and allowing the merger, McLaren quietly slipped out of Washington and into inaccessibility to succeed Julius Hoffman as a federal court judge in Chicago.

The ITT-Hartford merger remains so rank and raw that, regardless of the ultimate denouement in the Watergate scandals, the case is almost certain to be reopened and re-examined—a probability that must give Harold Geneen, and no doubt Richard Nixon, some uneasy nights. It is a case that on re-examination simply must expose McLaren's cave-in, and either send the case to trial under an antitrust action, or restore the Hartford Fire Insurance Co. to its original stockholders. This sort of decontamination of a conglomerate, after a lapse of a couple of years —and with the Nixon Administration's intervention seeming to legitimize the merger—would be catatonic to those who manipulated the largest corporate shotgun wedding in American history. But it would reintroduce elements of even-handed justice and honesty, not to mention independent Justice Department oversight, into the shadowy process of corporate acquisitions.

Whether it was because of a newly awakened interest in purity resulting from the Watergate case (there *have* been certain outbreaks of independence in federal agencies this year), or whether justice simply dictated the action, one small, little-known government agency a few months ago rather unexpectedly made a decision which could cost ITT $92.6 million as an outgrowth of the uproar in Chile that has culminated in the fall of the legitimate government and the death of Salvador Allende, its President.

The decision was made by fifteen directors of the Overseas Private Investment Corp. (OPIC), which had a previous life, before it was a public corporation, back through the postwar era of the Marshall Plan when the government helped finance and insure the rebuilding of Europe. Established by law in its present form in 1969, OPIC became operational in 1971 under a five-year program.

It is one of the more interesting governmental operations and, while under some fire from the Senate subcommittee on multinational corporations for allegations of high-handedness and political favoritism in some of its overseas projects, it is capable of getting some imaginative and creative development work started in what it calls the LDCs, or "lesser developed countries." The professional staff of OPIC, which employs only 117 people and operates on a budget of between $4 million and $5 million a year, is hurt by criticism directed at the agency and staunchly defends its independence and its programs. The public corporation is at present showing earnings, above operating costs and insurance claim payouts, of about $35 million a year.



Vadillo, Siempre (Mexico)

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The LDCs comprise some ninety countries and 70 per cent of the world population, and it is in these countries that OPIC is supposed to make loans and offer insurance protection against losses resulting from expropriation, war, insurrection, revolution and the inconvertibility of currency. From the beginning of the Marshall Plan and up until OPIC got started in 1971, the agency took in about $66 million in premium payments and paid out only $4 million or so in claims. But under OPIC in the last two and a half years, U.S. investors abroad have recovered $129.5 million in claims, most of them as a result of expropriation in Chile, following the election in 1970 of Allende as President. The largest payment, $66.9 million, was made to Kennecott Copper Corp. for expropriation of its mining and milling operations. A few claims remain to be processed, but only those of ITT and Anaconda Copper Corp. are in dispute.

Along with other companies, ITT's 60 per cent share of Chile's telephone system was expropriated by Allende. OPIC paid $11,890,000 to Anaconda and rejected the company's further claim of $154 million, lost when its copper mines were nationalized. Anaconda's case, along with ITT's claim for $92.6 million, are proceeding to arbitration. If paid, they would exceed the OPIC reserve of $150 million.

The book value of U.S. involvement in the LDCs is $6 billion, more than half of it covered by OPIC or farmed out in an underwriting arrangement with Lloyd's of London. It is claimed that OPIC-insured operations abroad currently generate 120,000 jobs in the United States and contribute a healthy $800 million in balance of payments.

Some American-based corporations, including a good share of the multinational giants, with overseas investments ranging from a couple of thousand dollars to many millions, complain that OPIC's premiums of 1.5 per cent are excessive and, therefore, counterproductive. Compared to premiums of .05 per cent charged by Germany, Denmark and Norway, and 1 per cent by Great Britain, the U.S. rate schedule for the same kind of risks does seem high. Yet, some American labor unions, in complaints and testimony before Sen. Frank Church's Senate subcommittee, have denounced the OPIC program for charging rates that are "too low to cover the obligations" and thus subsidizing manufacturers' efforts to export American jobs to nonunion countries.

These somewhat bitter differences of opinion and concept cannot be examined in depth here, but there does seem to be some validity to charges that OPIC favors powerful corporations—after all, they have the largest capital resources—and that it has helped promote labor-intensive, insured investments in countries like Israel and Taiwan that are not exactly LDCs.

Nevertheless, OPIC is uncowed by conglomerates or multinationals when it comes to paying off claims. In rejecting ITT's claim for $92.6 million for loss of its Chilean telephone system, OPIC was careful to circumvent mention of well-supported charges of scandalous conduct on the part of the conglomerate during and after the Allende election. It simply announced this year that, "because of noncompliance with contractual obligations," the claim was denied. Bradford Mills, who stepped down as president of the OPIC board in July, said "ITT failed to comply with its obligation . . . to disclose material information to OPIC." In addition, he said, "ITT increased OPIC's risk of loss by failing to preserve administrative remedies as required." One of the reasons for this latter failure was that President Allende became so coldly furious with ITT that there was no way to "preserve administrative remedies" by dealing with him.

The decision to reject the ITT claim in no way affects the company's right to seek compensation from the government of Chile, but it is now certain that nothing will come of any effort initiated by Geneen and his conglomerates in that quarter. Allende charged before the United Nations and the world that ITT had tried to foment revolution and economic chaos in his country, that it had even tried to buy the participation of the CIA with an offer of $1 million or more to bring down his regime.

The Chilean military has accomplished what ITT was unable to do. Allende is gone, in effect murdered, and the elected government has been crushed by tanks and bombers of U.S. manufacture and by the Chilean equivalent of the Pentagon. Yet the irony for Geneen is that the military successors to power are no more likely to entertain the notion of a restoration of ITT's eminence in the country than Allende would have been.

If there remains a shred of hope for Geneen to be repaid for the expropriation of his empire in Chile, it rests with Nixon, OPIC and the American litigative process. He can be expected to exert every conceivable pressure on the United States Government to pay off ITT for its losses. Officially, ITT has denied all wrongdoing, and two officials of the company, Vice President E.J. (Ned) Gerrity, Jr., and an ITT director, John J. McCone, a former director of the CIA, said they thought the $1 million offer was for a public-housing project. Scarcely anybody found convincing the idea that Geneen would hand out $1 million for social amenities to a Marxist President prepared to expropriate ITT holdings in his country.

Geneen himself didn't bother to deny his company's alleged acts of provocation in Chile—which OPIC never mentioned—when questioned about the matter at an ITT stockholders' meeting in Kansas City last May. To some, he sounded rather like Richard Nixon trying to justify the secret bombing of Cambodia.

ITT did everything just right in Chile, Geneen said: "I'm just sorry we were unable to persuade our government to take a stronger position." Then he went on to complain that if the United States could spend $165 billion fighting Communists in Vietnam it could exert itself to knock down an elected Marxist government in Chile.

The end of the ITT chapters in Chile and Hartford are yet to come, but Geneen's battle to get paid off by the U.S. Government for the loss of his telephone company in Chile will certainly proceed through several more stages. He has elected to take his quest for reimbursement before a three-man commission of the American Arbitration Association, as indeed he, like Anaconda Copper, has a right to do under the OPIC contract. OPIC isn't much worried about the Anaconda case, since its directors feel that the conflict is cut and dried in the government's favor. Or, at least, it is felt that the claim can somehow be reconciled. But with ITT and Geneen, considering his

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tenacity, skills and uncanny ability to enlist support and involvement in the highest levels of the Administration, OPIC is left to wonder a little.

In deepest secrecy, the American Arbitration Association is trying to get OPIC and ITT to agree at least on one arbitrator for each side, so that the pair can select a third acceptable to the two contestants. The AAA would like the participants to agree on all three promptly, so that the private and secret court can begin hearing arguments and accepting evidence and briefs. Lists of prospective arbitrators are going out soon to the company and the insurance corporation from Miss Garylee Cox of the AAA's Washington office. Neither Miss Cox nor anyone else will hint, now or ever, who is to be proposed or, even after the arbitrators are chosen and agreed upon, who they are. Only one of the contending parties may reveal their names; OPIC may possibly do so.

The arbitration decision is supposed to be final and binding, but if Geneen doesn't get his money back, it won't be. Up to now, no decision by OPIC on such claims has ever been overturned, but, as Judge McLaren could tell the agency's legal staff, Geneen views obstacles like this as effrontery, persecution or worse. Circumventing restraining power is old stuff to Geneen and unless he is neutralized or diverted by Nixon's fall from grace, or perhaps—as is unlikely—curbed by some of his occasionally embarrassed directors and stockholders, he will remain for OPIC and the government in general a formidable antagonist. If he cares to do so, he can hire a company legal staff beyond the budget possibilities of OPIC.

The haunting question is whether Geneen, like Richard Nixon, is approaching the terminal point of power and will, and perhaps of his awesome mastery over any opposition encountered. On September 4, the United Nations opened a formal and possibly prolonged examination that is almost certain to lead to monitoring and some regulation of the powerful worldwide corporations. More than any single international company—which U.N. authorities prefer to call transnational corporations—the conduct and reputation of ITT helped provoke this worldwide study, although concern about the accumulation of economic and political power of such corporations was expressed as far back as the Havana Charter in 1947.

Multinational managers must now face a new dimension of scrutiny far wider than the devastating entrapment of Geneen and Nixon in the deluge released by Watergate. There is some evidence that new forces are developing in the land which may prove beyond the resources of these two compulsive, driven leaders for whom winning is everything.

Either of the contestants in the impending ITT arbitration can invoke the intervention of the courts, which may or may not entertain the case. One of the parties will have to charge failure of the other to disclose full information, prejudice or lack of good faith to get the court's attention. But if the OPIC is upheld, and if he is sustained by the presence of Richard Nixon still toughing it out in seclusion, Geneen will doubtless find a way. □

TROJAN HORSE OF 'AID'

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME

ASHER BRYNES

The remarkable thing about foreign aid is how it has grown steadily against the rumors of its death. Statistically, it is full of bounce; realistically, as the host countries examine it coming into their harbors and airports, it is full of debt and hot air. So one backs off to get some perspective on the official figures.

The Development Assistance Committee, the sixteen-nation group of industrial countries that provides practically all foreign aid throughout the non-Communist world, reports that in the decade 1960-70, such aid rose from $8 billion to $15.5 billion, almost double. Never, apparently, have its programs been more abundantly supplied with the cash needed to buy economic progress.

At this point there is a fork in the road. Before deciding the value of foreign aid one can ask: "But does the money buy economic progress?" William and Elizabeth Paddock, authors of one recent study of these programs entitled *We Don't Know How* (Iowa University Press), interviewed foreign aid officials in both donor and aided countries to assemble a list of the fifty most successful projects currently in operation, particularly in Latin America. They then traveled 25,000 miles to inspect them, and assess their real influence and lasting effect. I shall discuss their findings in a moment.

Or one can look hard at the mix of moneys and credits received by underdeveloped countries in one typical year —say 1969—to see how it affected the economic life of donor and recipient. That is what Tibor Mende, a West European economist, undertook to do in *From Aid to Re-Colonization* (Pantheon Books).

And he did it well. Taking another look at the splendid total on the bottom line of the DAC report, and particularly the figure for 1969, he discovered that, although it is indeed official, it is also almost entirely hot air. Mende, formerly at the U.N. and now teaching at the Sorbonne, notes that more than half of the net AID flows reported year after year have been private investments and export credits. "There is no indication whatsoever," he observes, "that private investments in poor countries have been less lucrative than those in advanced ones. . . ." On the contrary, the member nations of the DAC commonly insure their citizens who venture to trade or invest private funds in developing countries against

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loss; and since in such cases both the repayment of the invested money plus the profits accrued are guaranteed, these nations hold what amount to mortgages on the revenues of the aided countries.

In a typical year, 1969, the total on the "income" side for all underdeveloped countries was $60.2 billion. However, to pay for their necessary imports they had to set aside $47.6 billion. The difference between these two figures, $12.6 billion, was used for the servicing or repayment of their debts and includes "other capital flows," which may mean anything from freight and insurance charges to the flight of capital to Swiss banks.

In the same year the Development Assistance Committee, the group that reports for all sixteen AID givers, announced a total net AID flow of $13.6 billion—or only $1 billion more than the last figure given above. The underdeveloped countries paid back almost as much as they were given.

Now let's take a still closer look at the mix of moneys and credits they received in that year, 1969. Somewhat more than half of it, $7.67 billion, consisted of "official" development assistance; the lesser half, labeled "private flows," amounted to $6.47 billion. About 40 per cent of the total AID figure for that year was clearly, then, commercial lending. And nobody was sufficiently interested to compare the rate of return on private loans to underdeveloped countries with what that same money would have earned in the home countries. Yet that difference, if any, is the real measure of the aid offered.

So far, then, more than $13.6 billion of official net AID flows have shrunk to about $7.67 billion, because the part marked "private" can fairly be called "dubious" so far as the AID purpose is concerned. Is there more discounting to be done? Unfortunately yes; in these Nixon years increasing fractions of this rump of assistance have been transmuted into "tied aid" or credits usable only in the country of issuance. These are really a form of subsidy to exporters (and their employees) in nations that participate in AID giving. Their governments supply these one-way credits for their benefit and they collect for their goods from another branch of that same government.

So, according to Mr. Mende, one must knock off another discount of about 20 per cent of the AID component. That leaves a world figure of about $6 billion. And what about American Food for Peace—the disbursement of surplus commodities under Public Law 480? Food for hungry people looks like generosity, but to the degree that the food had lost its value to us, that it was really surplus in our markets, *we protected those markets for our farmers* by dumping it into ships and freighting it overseas. Mende suggests discounting the total aid figure of a billion a year by "a further cut of at least $500 million." In my opinion, and I have been involved in these surplus food deals in the U.S. Department of Agriculture, this is a prime instance of unaccountable accounting. What we began discussing was the cash value of AID (in the United States, Agency for International Development). I submit that, since U.S. farm surpluses have now disappeared, and since under our new price-support legislation the government will pay out mail-box money to commercial farmers only if 1973 is a year of tremendous plenty, we should quit dreaming about surpluses altogether.

Pursuit of a definite cash value for the worth of the free world's assistance to the less developed countries has led us into a fiscal swamp in which many private interests wrestle with AID officials here at home; meanwhile, the rich in underdeveloped countries hold off *their* poor with the connivance of *their* governments. No wonder that Mende, whose study is a benchmark book in the analysis of this confusing effort, reminds us that long before "AID" was invented, "between 1905 and 1913 the United Kingdom alone exported capital to the extent of a yearly average of £143 million, which represented 7 per cent of its annual income." I presume he refers to the British Empire. The current allocation of U.S. funds for a similar purpose is about one-third of 1 per cent of the American GNP.

The rock-bottom figure for U.S. economic aid to poorer nations has now fallen into a kind of Congressional rut: a trifle more or less than $1 billion a year. There is a move afoot, led by Donald Fraser, a Minnesota Democrat, to lift our economic aid program out of this bind by authorizing the issuance of that much *extra* AID credits to American corporations and other enterprises for the purchase of goods and services needed, presumably, by the poorest populations of the poorer countries. This high-geared development fund should, he says, increase our domestic exports by a like amount and also create 80,000 jobs for American workers—and to that extent soften or indeed eliminate price competition with the exports of other industrialized nations. As for the basic $1 billion for AID, much of that, presumably, could be reappropriated for the usual purposes: for the increase of local food production, for the control of population growth, for improved education and for improved medical services.

Cynics might consider Representative Fraser's improved AID bill a device to divert U.S. foreign assistance money to the payment of more wages and salaries to American workers. From an economic point of view it's like trying to lift ourselves off the ground by pulling skyward. But the futility of that exercise did not prevent the president of one of the more responsible of the AID-promoting groups in Washington, James P. Grant of the Overseas Development Council, from hailing Fraser's bill as "the most significant initiative in the U.S. House of Representatives" since its first AID committee laid the groundwork for the Marshall Plan in 1947.

Meanwhile in the field, as the professional AIDers call the countries in which they operate, the usual pressure on food supplies persists. This continues despite the Green Revolution, which is said to have enormously multiplied the possibilities for the production of the critical staples of agriculture: rice, wheat and corn. [See "New World Food Crisis: The Sputtering 'Green Revolution'" by Richard Critchfield, *The Nation*, September 10.] What happened?

Only three years ago the American plant geneticist who heads the International Maize and Wheat Improvement Center in Mexico was called to Oslo and given a Nobel Prize. The Awards Committee said: "Dr. Borlaug, the prime mover in the Green Revolution, has made it

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possible for developing countries to break away from hunger and poverty . . . in the course of a few years." He responded soberly, "The world's population problem is a monster which unless tamed, will one day wipe us from the earth's surface."

Water, plain water, is the great variable in the underdeveloped world. Yesterday the lack of it in Bangladesh made famine and today its excess makes floods. It is more important to the village economy than miracle seeds. The pay-out of the widely advertised Green Revolution is gathered by farmers who control enough water to moisten those miracle seeds, the short-stemmed varieties of rice and wheat and the hybrid corn which yield twice, thrice, even four times as much crop as the standard varieties. But always there has to be enough water to dissolve the applied fertilizers and wash the nutrients down to the rootlets.

A perceptive official of the World Bank, commenting on what has been happening in rural India said: "An Indian village reflects a power structure very much biased in favor of the affluent. Now that the Green Revolution, where it is applied in suitable areas, sometimes as much as quadruples land values, the owners would like to get rid of tenants altogether and use hired hands only, laborers that have no claim on the land whatever."

That is an old story; it happened here about thirty-five years ago. When our Agricultural Adjustment Administration raised the prices farmers were paid for their produce and enabled them to increase their investment in more and better implements and more land to employ those machines, our rural population began falling from about 25 per cent to under 5 per cent. And now our ratio of metropolitan area population to that of farms has reversed itself. The same proportion of us who used to live on farms live now in cities.

An immense backup of population pressure now fills the rural areas of India and Bangladesh. The liberal scattering of DDT and other new insecticides in farm areas has killed off the pests that reduce the crops, making it much easier for men themselves to multiply. Further, modern medicine has almost eliminated the infectious diseases that once were so common and fatal in infancy. Almost everywhere humanity has outgrown the miracle seeds sown by Dr. Borlaug's revolutionaries. We continue to be our own most successful crop.

The pressure of population bears most heavily on Central America. In Nicaragua, for instance, the population is growing faster than is food production. What happened, ask the Paddocks, to the $10 billion of U.S. AID funds that President Kennedy invested in the Alliance for Progress? Then they press on to a bigger question. What has happened to the $150 billion the entire AID effort has cost since it began "with $80,000 and some U.S. technicians in 1941 on the eve of Pearl Harbor?"

We should remember that U.S. foreign AID has always been a Trojan horse. "Altruism was not a factor," say the Paddocks; "the label on our foreign aid bottle stated unequivocally, 'This remedy is to be used for fighting communism.' " Skipping for the moment the history of this activity, one notes a telltale detail. Just after he was elected, President Nixon invited Congressmen of his party to vote against foreign aid if they, personally, were opposed to it. At the same time, 1969, the AID agency put out a press release announcing that its activities paid for more than $1 billion of sales by American suppliers of export goods, and about $100 million in payments to our subsidized oceanic shipping lines.

After turning and twisting for pages in which the reports of successive AID investigating committees pass in review, all saying *give more money*, the Paddocks draw a line. "They [the plans] all suffer from a common defect. They do not include technicians"—meaning people with the Paddocks' special knowledge. William is an agronomist who headed a graduate school of agriculture in Central America. As a volunteer worker for the Peace Corps, Elizabeth oversaw the distribution of truckloads of CARE and Food for Peace commodities.

Their finding: *U.S. technology cannot do this job no matter how much money is given.* The failures do not occur in Washington but in the field, down the jungle trail, ankle deep in the rice paddy. They say repeatedly that science and technology cannot compensate for the paucity of resources of a hungry nation. To hammer this home they quote George Wald, Harvard's Nobel Prize winner in biology: "Our society is trained to accept all new technology as progress or to look upon it as an aspect of fate. But should one do *everything* one can? The usual answer is 'of course' but the right answer is 'of course not.' "

Many awful things can happen when science and technology are turned loose on the orders of planning officials in Washington or Moscow. For the Russians have AID programs too, so they also make these catastrophic mistakes. Their Aswan Dam "improvement" on the upper Nile has fouled its waters with parasite-carrying snails and, since Egyptians dunk themselves as lavishly in the Nile as Indians do in their beloved Ganges, the incidence of schistosomiasis, the parasite-borne disease vectored by those snails, has reached explosive proportions. Further, the Nile Delta is silting up with the mud carried down the river along with the snails. Further again, the microscopic marine flora, plankton, on which the fish along the shoreline used to feed, are dying—and along with them, of course, the fish. And further again, if we reverse our course and fly back to the headwaters of the river we find that, even while the Russians were blasting and pouring concrete to get that dam ready on schedule, the Egyptians were making more population faster. So now the new lands uncovered by the waters penned up behind the Aswan Dam have been occupied by new farmers—and land is as scarce as ever.

When I was one of the assistants on the staff of Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson, he had a favorite who turns up again in the Paddocks' *We Don't Know How*. Bert Tollefsen was so publicity-minded that he was chosen to accompany Benson on his junkets to Soviet Russia and Yugoslavia; now he is discovered making publicity for the AID agency. The Paddocks quote a specimen of his handiwork: "What has happened in three years is revealed in a few statistics." . . . Overall food production has risen 14 per cent through 1967-69. In South Asia alone, in India and Pakistan, the increase

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has been 27 per cent . . . use of miracle wheat and rice seeds has brought about a Green Revolution."

The Paddocks jump on this specimen of *blague*. They were so annoyed that they blast it by quoting another book, Bernard Nossiter's *Soft State* (1970). "In over five years . . . food production in India had increased little more than 2 per cent annually. This was less than the gain in population. Green Revolution to the contrary, the average Indian was eating less from his own resources than he had in the mid-sixties." To roll the whole thing up in a single statement: everywhere there is very little land under irrigation, and "where either irrigation or fertilization is absent, there is no revolution." And while Tollefsen insists—he is now the assistant administrator of the entire AID empire, employing more than 20,000 persons here and abroad—that these benefits cost only money and he will have enough of that if Congress votes him a generous appropriation, the people of the underdeveloped countries continue to produce more children, no matter what Congress does.

The Paddocks enjoy making lists: their list of personal interviews with AID and AID-using notables runs to 6½ single-spaced pages; they also lift out of an AID agency directory almost 3 pages of AID-promoting groups, organizations which are "developing" Latin America, the area in which the authors are most interested. All this to prepare the reader for their review of foreign aid activities at the center of that interest, the Inter-American Development Bank. The United States has furnished more than 80 per cent of its paid-in capital and guarantees its bonds, so that these are salable in Europe and Japan, as well as in this country.

The director of this Bank through the Alliance for Progress decade of 1960-70 was a Chilean named Herrera who managed to lend his own country two and a half times as much money as was lent to the score of other nations throughout Latin America, and who in all this time could not find a peso for any population control effort anywhere. Then he resigned from the Bank to join his "lifelong friend," Dr. Allende. Meanwhile, and this deserves repetition, "Latin America's population increased by 33 per cent, the highest rate for any area in the world, a rate which is guaranteed to defeat any possible social or economic revolution."

And now it's high time to draw the survey of this confused and sprawling operation to a point. Where do we go from here? We have observed AID everywhere throughout the developed world slipping into a quicksand of foreign trade promotion devices; its funds are now so tied and discounted that there is little real cash value left in them. At the time of this writing, the head man of the Soviet Union was in the United States and conferring with its President—chiefly about what? Foreign aid! I was surprised to hear local TV newsmen, who normally avoid any analysis of current events, tell the millions of their viewers that Comrade Brezhnev also wanted foreign aid. Indeed, there is much truth in such simplicities. Last year's food and foodstuffs deals, more than $2 billion of wheat, corn and soybeans, were largely swung by U.S. foreign aid credit-granting institutions like the Export-Import Bank. So we now find ourselves backed against a wall raised by our own past follies: we can't *fight* communism by aiding the most powerful Communist government on earth.

Another question: the $150 billion worth of foolishness perpetrated by us over twenty-six years must have had something systematically unwise woven through it; otherwise how could the effort have persisted so long? The Paddocks repeatedly almost touch it in their book—and as often veer away. They began by interviewing private and public AID officials here to develop a list of the fifty "most effective economic development projects in Central America." Then they traveled 25,000 miles, the distance round the earth, to inspect those superior projects in the field.

The fifty superior AID projects all differed from the descriptions that had been furnished the Paddocks in Washington; even the few of them that were effective functioned in a different way. As a field operation, AID everywhere seemed to have no recollection of what had been done the year before. Sometimes a past AID project had paid for a few buildings; if still sound, the Paddocks found, they had been put to uses other than what the original project planners intended. If there was slightly used office furniture—files and typewriters and duplicating machines—they found it gathering dust or shoved out of sight in adjacent closets. Laboratory equipment, microscopes, pH meters, spectroscopes, all the debris of past planning, was commonly swept aside by the arrival of fresh plans. AID had no memory. The whole thing kept pointing one way—to the future. And every year it pointed there anew.

Perhaps it would take a thinker as subtle as the late Joseph Schumpeter, the economist who spent his life analyzing the forces that make for growth in a free society, to home in on what's wrong here. His discovery was that innovation and discovery, R&D in the language of industry, is the pivot factor in economic progress. Schumpeter's findings were further refined by Prof. Jacob Schmookler, also of Harvard, who examined the circumstances in which the most important industrial inventions developed in his country. Briefly, most of the inventors—learned and unlearned alike, scientists and the ones with little formal schooling—*designed their novel processes and mechanisms for a market*. They sought ways to save time and money for manufacturers who normally competed against one another and who stood ready to reward successful inventors with some of the cash these innovations saved.

Contrast this straightforward procedure with what happens on the preplanning level in the AID agency. With all the fruits of modern science and industry lying on the table before them, the preplanners mix up lists of plausibilities—known formulas and mechanisms that are stocked by standard suppliers, and which *should* work in distant places—why?—because the local populations have seen nothing like these impressive novelties. *The test of the pay-out is avoided because the Executive asks for and the Congress always votes the AID money in advance.* Every year fresh money, and always in advance. Nothing is ever paid for on the proof that it works consistently in exotic areas and circumstances far from home. No AID project lasts long enough to find out. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Evergreen Maple Leaf

GEORGE WOODCOCK

The signs that first presaged the American Revolution were almost certainly small and homely ones, and perhaps the ministers of King George III, or even his viceroys in the thirteen colonies, cannot be blamed for thinking them insignificant. At least, so I often think these days when I regard the modest, often oblique ways in which a Canadian nationalism manifests itself that is slowly affecting the whole population of the country and affecting also its relations with the United States—often provoked by American actions whose ultimate political consequences have not been foreseen. I use the word "nationalism" here with very broad connotations, not as meaning necessarily a desire for the militant nationalist state that 19th-century Europe made familiar, but rather to embrace all those impulses which react against and then seek to expel the alien influences that seem to turn a people or a land away from the destiny it has obscurely chosen for itself.

I have never in the past thought of myself as a nationalist; if I were asked to devise an appropriate label, I would reluctantly describe myself as a federalist patriot, by patriot implying no more than lover of a land and people within which and among whom I choose to live my life, and by federalist an attitude of deep distrust for the centralizing, homogenizing tendencies of the nation-state. Even so, my reactions, at this point in the 20th century when it has become evident to Canadians that 60 per cent of their industry is owned by alien interests, and that their land is quickly following their industry into foreign ownership, are as much those of concern merging into defense and defiance as are the reactions of many of my fellow writers who actually call themselves nationalist, and of many Canadian artists and academics who do the same. I read the signs and realize that I have to take sides on basic issues of local independence just as people in the thirteen colonies did 200 years ago.

If the side I take and defend happens at times to appear antagonistic to the United States that is unfortunate and by me unintended, since my radicalism has been largely of American inspiration, and I have always tried to sustain on my mind's horizon, as an appropriate guide to existence, the internationalism that has been the theoretical basis of the Socialist and anarchist movements since their very beginnings. But I have reached the point where, writing this article on the rise of nationalist sentiment among Canadian writers, and on the grievances against America that such a development inevitably involves, I find myself saying *we*, when five years before I would have stood aside and said *they*.

Let me say right away that there is no immediate indication that Canadians have any thought of trying to repeat their achievements of 1812. We are as unlikely to attempt the recapture of Detroit as you are unlikely to repeat the burning of Toronto. But perhaps this is because what we hold against the United States (considered as the representative of all American expansive urges and interests) is not anything so easily repelled as border violations by armed men like those of 160 years ago. It is rather a penetration so insidious, and perhaps—though this we are not yet ready to admit—so inevitable, that until it reached crisis proportions we were barely aware of it. Americans have obtained more than 90 per cent control of some of our vital industries; Americans are buying our land—up to now with the pusillanimous consent of our governments—in a way that would be tolerated in no European or Asian country (or even, for that matter, in such tiny Pacific realms as Tonga or Nauru); your influence over our culture has reached the point where our artists and writers feel they must manifest against it or—as creators—they must die. And, worst indignity, with a few exceptions like Edmund Wilson and the editors of *The Nation*, Americans have shown themselves Olympianly unaware of what they have been doing and patronizingly surprised at our anger.

Often that anger arises from some apparently inconsiderable cause, though the heat of the resentment compared with the slightness of the provocation should carry its own message. Let me tell one of these trivial tales. The other week I received, within a few days of each other, questionnaires from two publications bearing the title of *Who's Who*. The first was the London publication, called merely *Who's Who* because it recognizes no rival, and giving no territorial qualification, on the grandly British assumption that if you are sufficiently pukka to be invited into its columns you are *ipso facto* above such mundane considerations as local habitation. The second was *Who's Who in America*, emanating from a Chicago house called Marquis. Immediately I felt on my Canadian guard. What exactly did "America" mean? As I read the invitation I found that *Who's Who in America* aimed to gather notable residents of "America and Canada"; "America," it was clear, meant not the continent but the United States. In that case, why not call the publication "Who's Who in America and Canada"? The inference was obvious; Canadians were considered a kind of lesser American breed, and Canada itself a part of America without states' rights—in other words, an American territory *de facto* if not *de jure*. I filled in my questionnaire from *Who's Who* and tore up my questionnaire from *Who's Who in America*. I know other Canadians who did the same—and none of them was yet an extreme nationalist, though such incidents only push them further along the path of resentment.

Such resentment, growing by repetition, is the background to the upsurge of nationalist feeling that has marked not only Canadian writing in the last decade but also Canadian publishing, the Canadian mass media, and Canadian educational institutions. And nationalist feeling in Canada during the late 20th century can only be, in its general direction, anti-American, just as Indian nationalism in the 1930s could only be anti-British. I think most intelligent Canadian nationalists would make the same qualifications as Gandhi made: that they feel no antagonism toward Americans as persons, and that their anger is directed only against those manifestations of American political and economic policy and American cultural penetration that inhibit Canada's freedom of action in the world and diminish Canadians' sense of owning their own country. They probably also share Gandhi's hope that the American people

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may somehow be persuaded—as the British were—of the wrongness of their domination and be brought to make amends. But such Canadians are also aware that the character of empires and imperialisms has changed, and that the issues are not so obvious to all sides as they were in the days of the British raj.

Very few Britons were unaware that they controlled and virtually owned India until 1947. But how many Americans are aware of the extent to which their corporations control the Canadian economy or of the extent to which Canadian politicians have been forced—often in the face of considerable criticism at home—to bow to the requirements of American foreign and military policy? How many of them are aware, to give a specific example, of the improper intervention of members of the American administration in an attempt to influence Canadian election results in 1963, so that a party favoring the placing of nuclear weapons on Canadian soil should be returned? And of those Americans who may be dimly aware of the extent to which Canada has been treated as a *de facto* colony by their corporations, their labor unions and their governments, how many have any conception of the sense of frustration it has created among Canadians, and especially among Canadian intellectuals and the Canadian young?

How many realize, in other words, that the much-publicized upsurge of French-Canadian feeling against the English-speaking majority in Canada has in the past few years been paralleled by an upsurge of general Canadian feeling against the American majority in the continent? Very few, I know, and the reason is that while Canadians are subjected to a continuous northward blizzard of information and opinion through the American books that clog our bookstores, the American periodicals that take up 90 per cent of the space in our newsstands, and the American television and radio whose emanations saturate the 200-mile strip north of the border where most Canadians live, few Americans ever see a Canadian TV show or hear Canadian radio or read a Canadian magazine or book. It is, mostly, a one-way movement, and we may be forgiven if sometimes we see in it Manifest Destiny lurching northward stronger than ever, like the monster in Yeats's "Second Coming":

A shape with lion body and the head of a man,
A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun.

I am perturbed when I reread what I have just written. In Canada I am regarded as a cosmopolitan, and as such I am distrusted by the hard-line nationalists, whose extreme positions I have sought to mitigate by arguments for creating in Canada the first working political federation in the world.* Yet when I talk of the situation of Canada and the Canadians to those who are outside the country and who in their own different ways may be victims of the forces of which I complain, I find myself speaking in a voice so nationalist in apparent tone that I realize my position must be at least briefly explained. I can see no benefit to Canada or to any other country in exchanging colonial dependency for the external xenophobia and the internal intolerance that link modern nation-states with their predecessors. I believe we should all be open to the world, accepting the maximum of cultural exchange (which is not the same as cultural dumping) and allowing total freedom of travel. I would like to see a beginning made here, on this North American continent, with the dissolving of national structures and the creation of some kind of federal North American polity, in which the United States, Canada and Mexico would be equal partners, none seeking domination or accepting subordination. But I still believe that the people of Canada have to stop selling out their resources to foreigners, whether American, British or Japanese; I believe they must repossess, by the most peaceful means possible, their land and all that is necessary for their economic freedom, always with the proviso that those who are willing to set down roots among them shall be treated as if they were birthright residents. I also believe that Canadians must insure that their cultural patrimony is protected, given the difficult situation of a country whose principal languages are also those of nations with vast and powerful publishing industries, such as Britain, France and the United States.

Obviously in an article like this I cannot discuss all the varieties of nationalist attitude that are to be found among Canadian academics, writers and artists, or in any great depth investigate the economic and political as distinct from the cultural aspects of the question, though I can indicate some of the sources where you may gain some idea —in their own words—of what Canadians are thinking on the many problems linked with the matter of national identity. The three leading Canadian monthly journals of opinion and affairs (Canada has no longer any weeklies like *The Nation* or *The New Republic*) are all nationalist-oriented; they are the low-brow-to-middlebrow *Maclean's Magazine*, the middlebrow *Saturday Night*, and the radical intellectual *Canadian Forum*; their pages—together with those of the doctrinaire Socialist journal of nationalist tinge, *Canadian Dimension*—present a fair range of the views of writers, academics and journalists on the national question. The Canadianist view of American political and economic pressures is expressed in some variety in a symposium published by the respectable University of Toronto Press and entitled *Close the 49th Parallel* (1970); it is subtitled *The Americanization of Canada*, and edited by Ian Lumsden in such a way as to include all the leading academic nationalists. The case on American domination of Canadian foreign policy is discussed in another symposium—*An Independent Foreign Policy for Canada*, edited by Stephen Clarkson (McClelland & Stewart, Toronto). The problems created by a great influx into Canadian universities of foreign teachers with little knowledge of Canadian politics, history and culture, are explored with heat and vigor in *The Struggle for Canadian Universities* by Robin Mathews and James Steele (New Press, Toronto). And an overview of the whole phenomenon of Canadian nationalism—political, social and cultural—is provided in a curious, passionate volume of bibliographical essays covering every field of study and writing in Canada (and listing many more nationalist texts) entitled *Read Canadian* (James Lewis & Samuel); it is edited by two of the more important nationalist editors (Robert Fulford of *Saturday Night* and Abraham Rotstein, who has just abandoned the editorship of *Canadian Forum*) and that many-sided man Dave Godfrey, author of a splendid novel, *The New Ancestors*, professor of English at the University of Toronto, and co-founder of at least three of the new nationalist-tinged and writer-supported Canadian publishing houses, House of Anansi, New Press and Presse Porcépic.

Read Canadian brings one back to the question of nationalism among Canadian writers, which is linked closely with the crisis in Canadian publishing that took place in the late 1960s, stemming from the takeover of the old Canadian firm of Ryerson by McGraw-Hill and resulting in a Royal Commission on Publishing in the province of

*I have discussed the question at length in some of the chapters of *The Rejection of Politics* (New Press, Toronto, 1972) and also taken part in a symposium in the *Canadian Forum*, later reprinted by the editors of that journal as *Nationalism or Local Control: Responses to George Woodcock* (New Press, Toronto, 1973).

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Ontario (where—in Toronto—most English-Canadian publishers have traditionally operated). Another consequence was a federal government decision to intervene with subsidies to publishers additional to those already given by the Canada Council to writers, and thus to save other native Canadian houses from being absorbed by the combines based south of the border which have been aiming to establish a publishing hegemony in the North American continent wherever English is spoken. Since about 1967, many new small presses have arisen in Canada; almost all of them have stemmed from the initiative of writers who have felt their interests were not served or their peculiar talents appreciated either by the branch plants of American firms (McGraw-Hill, Doubleday, etc.) or English (Macmillan, Oxford University Press, etc.) or by the surviving but unexperimental native Canadian publishers. One of the native publishers, McClelland & Stewart, was enterprising enough to recognize the growing appeal of Canadian poetry and to encourage many of the young writers, but its grasp was not wide enough for all that was being written in Canada of a publishable standard. The new presses of the late 1960s brought to light an astonishing quantity of extremely able but unconventional writing, so that the poetry published by Coach House Press, the fiction published by the House of Anansi, the books of opinion published by New Press, and the plays published by Talonbooks in Vancouver have changed the literary face of Canada in five or six years, bringing dozens of good young writers to the fore. They have been supported by a whole school of young Canadian critics—again nationalist in inclination—which hardly existed when I founded *Canadian Literature* in 1959 and which developed largely with and from that journal.

I am sure historians of American literature who watch Canada must be impressed, as Edmund Wilson was, by the striking parallels between what is happening here now, and what happened in the United States at the time of the recognition—definitely in the 1920s and tentatively long before—of a distinctive American literature. Talk of a Canadian literature different from the English mainstream dates back at least a century, to the days when Edward Hartley Dewart, publishing his *Selections from Canadian Poets* in 1864, first suggested that there might be a local inspiration for Canadian writing, rooted in the soil and the people rather than in traditions brought from Europe. Dewart's words did not describe the poetry he collected in 1864, but they did indicate prophetically the gradual change in Canada from a colonial literature for nostalgic immigrants, echoing European modes and evoking European scenes, to a national literature for a people beginning to understand their great wilderness of a land and to establish a relation with it that would need a kind of writing different from anything people outside Canada might produce.

The real emergence of a noncolonial literature began in the 1920s, and was critically recognized even then by poet-critics like A.J.M. Smith and F.R. Scott. But the recognition did not really begin to pass beyond literary circles until the postwar upsurge of Canadian poetry and fiction, which was accompanied by the first university courses in Canadian literature and by that symptom of a tradition's approach to maturity, the emergence of a school of criticism intent on charting this new world of writing, and often influencing it reciprocally by producing fruitful concepts—as Northrop Frye did in the teaching and writing that inspired a whole school of younger Canadian poets from James Reaney to Margaret Atwood.

There has been at least a century of fairly constant interplay between a changing literature and a rising nationalist feeling in Canada, and Canadian writing has tended to be influenced by the inclination of Canadian nationalists to react more strongly against the nearby United States than against distant Britain.

It could be said, without excessive exaggeration, that Canada was forged in the atmosphere of conflict and potential conflict created by the presence of the United States along its southern border. As the historian J.M.S. Careless has remarked, "through varied impacts with deep historic effect, the United States has served repeatedly, if unwittingly, as the best friend nationalism could have in a country as culturally and sectionally divided as Canada."

Most non-Canadians are puzzled at the role which the War of 1812, forgotten in Britain and regarded as a minor incident in American history, plays in the Canadian imagination. Canadians believe fervently that they won the war, to such an extent that its two leading figures, the British General Isaac Brock and the Indian leader Tecumseh, are now Canadian heroes, and 1812 is regarded as the experience out of which the consciousness of a common Canadianism first emerged. The truculence of the American Union government in the 1860s, and the threat of invasion by demobilized Irish after the Civil War, were among the chief reasons for the confederation of the British North American colonies out of which the present Canada was forged in 1867. Suspicion of American designs on the West led to the foundation of the Northwest Mounted Police and the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, both powerful national symbols. In the so-called reciprocity crisis of 1911, and later in the 1920s, fear of American economic domination fanned Canadian nationalism. (And not only fear of economic domination, for until late in the 1930s the number-one military emergency plan of the Canadian general staff gave detailed instructions for action in the event of an American invasion!)

Considering that the national trend in Canada demanded a steady loosening of ties with Britain as the Dominion gained greater autonomy, it is surprising how small a part anti-British feeling played in Canadian nationalist movements. The Canadian rebellions led by Mackenzie and Papineau in 1837 (incidentally the last occasion when any body of Canadians seriously considered imitating the American Presidential system) were against local administrative cliques rather than against Britain itself,

THE THORNS

He brought me thorns in a horn of white paper
(my honeyed, my blest, my brother, my twin).
He brought me his being anointed with liquor
(my fury, my feary, my brother, my twin).
He sat down beside me to show me his pain
(my darkling, my dove, my brother, my twin).
The prongs of the thorns pierced the air like a cry
(my cherished and banished, my brother, my twin);
Their delicate rigor embraces this hour
(my love, my other, my brother, my twin).

O sepia sleeper, amber gifted,
My seven thorns defend me.

Alice S. Morris

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and in the years after Confederation in 1867, when a vocal nationalist movement called Canada First appeared, supported enthusiastically by the poet Charles Mair and other leading writers, it was also imperialist in sentiment, envisaging the transformation of the British Empire into a federation of equal English-speaking territories. The link between conservatism and nationalism in Canada (like the more surprising presence of socialism as a third in this triangle of relationships) has been a persistent one. John Diefenbaker, the most recent conservative Prime Minister of Canada, was also the most nationalist and the least Americanophile leader of the country in the present century. The writings of the conservative, imperial-minded historian Donald Creighton (such as *Dominion of the North* and *Canada's First Century*) are widely admired among nationalists because they pose a theory--based on the rivalry of the St. Lawrence and the Hudson River systems--which denies the continentalism of American theories of the expanding frontier. And in recent years the conservative philosopher George Grant has become something of a prophet even to left-wing nationalists for his threnody on a Canada he sees destroyed by American political, cultural and economic infiltration, *Lament for a Nation*.

Among imaginative writers, undoubtedly the dean of Canadian nationalists is Hugh MacLennan, whose novels *Barometer Rising* and *Two Solitudes* considered the rise of a national consciousness and the problem of a bi-cultural land twenty years ago, and whose *The Precipice* applied a viewpoint based on national differences to the Canadian-American relationship. In the early 1950s MacLennan was a largely isolated figure, since novelists were mainly concerned with coming to terms with the immediate experiences of prairie and urban living and poets were forging techniques and mythologies that would better express their local consciousness. When I founded *Canadian Literature* as late as 1959, it was widely foretold that I would fail for lack of support and lack of writers within two issues. I did not, because my journal enabled critics and other writers to make articulate a good many intuitions about a local literature and a national predicament that were stirring in their minds at that time.

Today the situation has entirely changed, and where it was possible twenty years ago to point to MacLennan as an isolated nationalist, now it is easier to pick out those—Mordecai Richler and Irving Layton are the only two who immediately spring to my mind—who have not declared themselves nationalists, or at least patriots deeply concerned for their country's threatened integrity. The nationalist-patriots range from popular best sellers like Pierre Berton and Farley Mowat to a host of young poets busy founding little magazines and little presses all over the country. (No less than 528 poets have published a total of well over 1,000 books of verse in Canada in the past twelve years.) Some of these writers have been content to make their sentiments known outside their writings, but others are so committed that their Canadianism helps to shape their work; notable among these as poets are Al Purdy, Milton Acorn, Bill Bissett and Dennis Lee, and as novelists Dave Godfrey and Graeme Gibson.

But perhaps the most interesting, for the phenomenon of her career as well as the quality of her writing, is Margaret Atwood. Margaret Atwood, at 34, is already recognized not only as a leader of the literary-nationalist movement but also as one of the most important recent Canadian writers by any criterion. She has published six taut and excellent books of verse, and two troubling novels, *The Edible Woman* and *Surfacing*. She won the Governor-General's Award for Literature with a book written when she was 26. She has also written a kind of guide to Canadian literature—part critical, part homiletic, and fascinating even where one disagrees—called *Survival*, in which she puts forward the theory that the special character of Canadian literature arises from the national obsession with surviving, first against a hostile environment and then against colonial forces, once British and now American. She suggests that colonialism in its various manifestations is mainly responsible for the special frustrations that have shaped the attitudes of Canadian writers, and she also contends that the mundane difficulties which Canadian writers and other artists endured up to the 1960s, and still often experience, have helped to shape the pessimism and resignation that pervade so much Canadian writing.

> He [the Canadian artist] discovered that the outlets for his work were few: not many galleries, and those depended heavily on imports (that after all is what people buy); not many publishing companies, and those few did a lot of distribution for foreign companies and were unwilling to take risks on anything new or "experimental," or anything else for that matter. If he was lucky enough to acquire an American or English publisher he might get some attention from the Canadian *literati* and thus from a widespread audience; but in order to do that he would have to squeeze his work into shapes that were not his, prune off anything "they" might not understand, disguise himself as a fake American or Englishman. At this point he either gave up in disgust (Canada has a high percentage of one-book writers) and became a stockbroker like Dad wanted anyway (artists are a dubious lot, and not much money in it), left the country and headed for one of the "centres of culture"—London, New York or Paris —or stayed and tried to follow his own vision as best he might, knowing that he could expect, at the very best, publication in a slender edition of five hundred copies for poetry and a couple of thousand for novels; at the worst, total oblivion. His plight was exactly that described by E. K. Brown in his important 1943 essay, "The Problem of a Canadian Literature." He experienced full force what members of other professions, such as dentistry, might experience only peripherally: what it means to be living in a cultural and economic colony.

Survival (House of Anansi) is a useful and interesting book for anyone wishing to find out what younger Canadian writers are thinking today about their predicament and the predicament of their country. But it is even more significant for the kind of interest it has provoked at home. In Canada a book of criticism usually does well if it sells 3,000 copies; 10,000 is an exceptional sale for any kind of book. But in less than a year *Survival* has sold 30,000 copies, and one bookshop in Toronto that specializes in Canadiana is still selling between 250 and 300 copies a week. Part of the book's success has been due to Margaret Atwood's almost missionary sense of the need to awaken Canadians to their own creativity. She has entered into the new publishing movement, becoming a director and editor of House of Anansi; her second novel, *Surfacing*, is at least in part an extended examination of Canadian reaction to the alien forces that impinge on their life and their country; she has given her time to going on financially unprofitable lecturing tours of small towns and high schools, often lugging a suitcase of literature so that the audience can buy the Canadian books she is talking about. (Most drugstores and bookstalls still don't stock them and many towns have no real bookstores.) But such efforts would have been fruitless if there had not been an awakening response among Canadians and especially among young Canadians. We have reached the stage now where high-school students are beginning to demand that Canadian books—often

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merely present in small numbers in their libraries—should be included in their courses along with the British and American books. The nationalistic impulse among the writers is finding a response in similar impulses among other Canadians and particularly young Canadians.

Americans, who have gone through their own crisis of independence and the surging of pride in their own traditions and their own self-forged culture, should understand why Canadians no more want to be hinterland Americans than Americans wanted to be ultramarine Europeans. They should also understand why we feel that an independent culture is linked with the liberation of our land, our resources and our industries from a foreign control that at this moment is still increasing. I do not think that here there is a question of assigning blame but merely of observing conditions objectively. At the time when substantial foreign investment first began in Canada, Canadians themselves were not awake to what was happening, and so the responsibility largely rests with them. But now they are awakening, and though there may be difficulties in the way of their repossessing their land, they will make a great effort to do so. For Americans, it seems to me, the question is whether they will be willing to accept some sacrifices in helping Canadians gain that sense of being truly independent which they themselves treasure, or whether the unfortunate history of American-Mexican relations is to be repeated north of the border. □

A Hopeless Thing with Feathers

STARTING OVER. *By Dan Wakefield. Delacorte Press. 290 pp. $7.95.*

ROBERT K. MORRIS

"Marriage," Samuel Johnson wrote, "has many pains, but celibacy has few pleasures." For "celibacy" read "divorce" and the epigram goes a good way toward defining much of the spirit and substance of Dan Wakefield's second novel. *Starting Over* is a painful and comic anatomy of one year in a divorcé's life: a life, if we credit the author, hardly free, gay or cocksure as millions of long-pained marrieds might think, but lackluster, anti-romantic, boring, frequently grim, often stupefying, and always lonely. The book also maps the limbo into which the divorced are cast after they've paid the devil and not—it is to be hoped—alimony. That once-phenomenal world, grown now rather more commonplace than marriage itself, has become a crowded stratum in the plethora of American subcultures, and so the book spirals into a kind of socio-cultural treatise as well. Fortunately never out of fiction's sight. Wakefield, who writes a nonexperimental, no-nonsense, down-to-earth prose, knows when to rise to comic objectivity, where to modulate ironies from cool to gelid, and how to draw those middle-class, unextraordinary, decent and very real people who seem to make up the majority in the current divorce crisis.

One of these is the hero, Phillip Potter, a 34-year-old ex-public relations man who leaves the rat race in New York for the mouse marathon in Boston. Potter, hoping to avoid shrinks, "busted dreams," his acquaintances who think him lucky to be divorced, and the "scene," and to tow the flotsam and jetsam of his life to dry dock, lands a job teaching media at a notably obscure junior college somewhere outside the penumbra of the Harvard Lights.

The escape and salvage operation is a failure from the word "start." Everything enervating about marriage and meretricious about the PR racket has been transferred to the mate-hunting game. Being a thinking, probing, ethical type, and—when not sloshed on Cutty Sark or Black & White, stoned on depression or apathy, or catatonic in front of late-late-late shows—upright, Potter loathes the commodity he has become, the cliché situations he gets into, and the generally desperate and frustrated women and girls he (a generally desperate and frustrated man) meets. When the potentially real thing with a six-month divorcée, Marilyn Crashaw, doesn't pan out, they become friends, banding together to help each other survive the gloom of long weekends and interminable holidays, and to become each other's sounding board on male-female relationships, until that temporary situation runs its course, too. Classically, Marilyn takes up with a New York psychiatrist always on the verge of leaving the wife and kids, and Potter slips into marriage with a sugary Southern belle—and into a better PR job.

Oddly enough, it is the inevitability (this side of futility) of these lives that makes the novel much more forceful than the skimpy plot suggests. Unless one is "into it," I don't know how much enthusiasm can be whipped up for divorce per se, or for a hero and heroine who are relatively young, good-looking, talented, intelligent and salaried. There are people around with considerably less who deserve attention considerably more. Yet *Starting Over* is a good novel because it is concerned with some universals that the divorced state does not exhibit uniquely, but merely emphasizes.

For one thing, the novel shows how a long series of loveless sexual conquests by male and female alike are not worn—as myths about the freedom of single middle age would have us believe—with panache, but as an albatross, a hopeless thing with feathers. For another, it spells out the tedium and trivia of unfocused lives lived alone, and how these are apt to drive one into a numbing neurosis. And most effectively, I think, Wakefield has reckoned how ill-equipped most of us are to deal with dreams and freedom: the indiscriminateness of the one, the haphazardness of the other.

Potter's sexual exploits take up a fair share of the novel. Wakefield's intention with them is to show what a sham these casual and fortuitous liaisons are, and how pat the rules of the game; yet somehow he can't help falling into cliché himself. He is too willing to give us the set scene, the stereotyped situation. There is the weepy divorcée and her obnoxious child who spies on their love-making; the bitch from the Boston suburbs who sandwiches in mattress athletics between marketing and pottery classes; the entreaties of an arty-party Cambridge homosexual; the undergraduate in search of a father figure and another with crabs; the pickup at singles' bars; and, even, the obligatory trip to a commune. Sometimes these scenes work, sometimes not. In fairness to Wakefield (who is always tasteful and funny no matter what else) one might say that life, too, often works and doesn't work, but that goalless it tends to fall away.

As unhandy as these scenes might be, there was good reason for including them. They explain Potter's progressive disenchantment with the whole business, and dramatize how worthless and impermanent they are compared to his growing bond with Marilyn. This relationship is the deepest and best analyzed in the novel, and original to boot. Didn't Balzac say that a woman begins as your mistress, then becomes your wife;

Robert Morris has written several books of criticism on British fiction, and frequently reviews contemporary literature.

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and finally your friend? Wakefield may have had this in mind. What starts off as simple passion, dissolves into sluggish coupling and cynical sparring, and becomes revitalized through an awareness that people actually need each other, suggests a superior hierarchy of achievement. If there can be said to be a "tragic" denouement to the novel, it is the unwillingness of both Marilyn and Potter to settle for the best thing either is bound to find.

For one can of course spend an entire lifetime "starting over" . . . and over . . . and over. "Man," as Muhammad Ali tells us in an epigraph to the novel, "is never satisfied." This may be interpreted optimistically or pessimistically. Without soaping over into sentiment or draining away into nihilism, Wakefield takes the proper ironic stand somewhere in the middle. So long as "people [are] confronted with what to do with themselves," have dreams, and the freedom to enact them, they will most likely prefer to choose something rather than stagnate into nothing. This moral seems pretty close to all of us: single, married, divorced. I am glad that a sensitive novelist like Wakefield has tackled it from a fresh angle, and that he has written a book that is unpretentious and human, and consequently true. □

A Place More Favored than Most

AMERICANS AND THE CALIFORNIA DREAM, 1850-1915. *By Kevin Starr. Oxford University Press. 494 pp. $12.50.*

JOHN CAUGHEY

Kevin Starr's *Americans and the California Dream* is a spritely and often scintillating excursion through the voluminous literature on California from statehood in 1850 to the San Francisco and San Diego expositions in 1915. His is a much less systematic survey than Franklin Walker's companion volumes, primarily because Starr is much less interested in appraising writing as such. His aim is to examine this Far Western extrusion of American culture, to search out its distinguishing character, and trace the influence of theorizers, opinion makers and tone setters.

Starr thus gives himself much more freedom of choice. Each of his baker's dozen of chapters has a function, but they raise tantalizing questions on what is included and what is left out. If the essence of his subject is the regional culture, why a chapter on the last year of Jack London's life; why one on sermons of the 1850s and 1860s and then little notice of the ministry thereafter; why so little on art and the theatre? Influential journalists such as the DeYoungs, Hearst and Older get little or no mention. Henry George is dealt with only in passing, and the same is true of the University of California as an influence on the state.

The most rewarding passages are the chapters where Starr dwells on his favorites: Josiah Royce for his interpretive volume on the transitional years, 1846-56; David Starr Jordan and his plans, discouragements and achievements in launching Stanford University; Gertrude Atherton for what she symbolized; and Joseph LeConte, geologist, enthusiast for the Sierra, teacher and philosopher. In shorter compass Starr makes the most of Santayana's peroration at Berkeley in 1911, stressing repudiation of the genteel, recognition of California's importance, and the need to respect nature on its own terms. The cameo description of J. Smeaton Chase's *Coast Trails* is beautifully evocative, and the vignette of Luther Burbank presents him convincingly.

Since over most of American California the antecedent culture was that of the Indians, some better analysis of their way of life and relationship to the environment might have been provided. Spanish and Mexican California do not fare well either. The point of view is that of the Americans and other foreigners who arrived late in the fifty-year period of Spanish control or in the briefer Mexican interval. These informants were not fully aware that Spain had tried merely to make a token occupation to support its claim to the province and that Mexico was in no position to do more. Nor did the Americans who moved in prior to the gold rush make California hum. But it is true that some of them, such as Shaler, Marsh, Farnham, Hastings and Frémont, envisioned a much more bustling and productive California if the United States were to take over. Here was a foretaste of the great expectations that provide the framework for this book

Starr conducts us through a bit more than half of California's existence as a state. He concentrates on the recurrent hopes and ambitions for California as the land of gold; of great opportunities for the rancher and the lumberman; of California as it might be when reached by a railroad; its valleys and plains susceptible of complete transformation by irrigation; a mecca for tourists and health seekers; an environment rich, varied and inspirational. Repeatedly the state was hailed as the last and best climax in the westward migration of Western civilization. These were some of the heady elements that enter into the composition of the California dream.

Starr discusses and elaborates on these bursts of optimism, but then goes on to stress that each of these bubbles was pricked, that stern reality dealt cruel disillusionments, that California dream often turned into nightmares. Quoting from diaries and reminiscences, he illustrates that many a prospector went broke in the diggings and that on the way to California and in the mines there was violence, brutality, sickness and death. He marshals similar evidence that the railroad became an ogre as well as a blessing, that alongside the silver, railroad, landholder, banking and business men millionaires there was crushing poverty, that the bohemia of San Francisco and Carmel was touched with escapism and morbidity, and that the culture achieved in the course of these three score years and five was short of being a model for the world.

This counterpoint of pessimism is not new. In 1853 a commentator on the gold rush used the title, *Golden Dream and Leaden Realities.* Flaunted wealth and grinding economic misery observed in California prompted Henry George's *Progress and Poverty.* And in 1910 Hiram Johnson won the governorship by hammering on the theme that the Southern Pacific, oppressive rate setter and landholder, must be "kicked out of politics." The adult histories of the state (Bean, Beck and Williams, Caughey, Rolle, Roske) corroborate this view; they include much on the seamier side of life in early and mid-American California.

Nevertheless, Starr errs somewhat in finding realism at the far swing of the pendulum. Some who came in or after the gold rush stayed because they had to, but many more because they wanted to. Californians in Starr's epoch increased from 100,000 to 3 million. The economic index rose at a considerably greater rate, and the circumstances of California living exerted a strong pull then and for another fifty years. If the state had been measured by its schools

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libraries, artists, writers, recreational opportunities and social amenities, the majority would have said that the California dream had come true. The state government in 1915 was a model that might well have been followed, as was true also of the urban rapid transit system in the two major cities. For the most part, too, the Californians in that period were living at peace with their remarkable environment and to a noteworthy degree were communing with it.

With all the persons and entities listed in the index, it may be base ingratitude to complain that in the attempt to capture the culture of his California, Starr cast too small a net. He certainly gives minimum attention to external influences—the silver of Nevada, the rise of industry and big business in the American Northeast, social Darwinism, pragmatism, America's embarking upon imperialism, and the influence of national opinion makers. Within the state, also, some of the most powerful determinants of its way of life and its civilization are almost totally neglected. That is true especially of material determinants—government, politics, business and how Californians made a living. Men so influential as Chaffey and Giannini are passed over, as are public questions as engrossing as the anti-Chinese and anti-Japanese agitations. The dream-disillusion formula prompted the author to concentrate on the two extremes, and left a hole in the middle through which much of reality escaped.

Faulty though its thesis seems to me, I unhesitatingly recommend *Americans and the California Dream*. It is informative and provocative on a vast number of points. Written with verve, it offers dozens of gemlike essays within its chapters. □

Two Prophets of the Absent God

A STUDY OF HISTORY. *By Arnold Toynbee. Oxford University Press. 12 vols. 1934-1961. $105.75. Paper $51.*

AN INTERPRETATION OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY. *By José Ortega y Gasset. Translated by Mildred Adams. W.W. Norton. 302 pp. $8.95.*

MARGUERITE HOWE

A Study of History is a 12-volume speculative philosophy of history, whose immense scope is only slightly less staggering than its author's intellectual naïveté. From a comparative study of the twenty-one civilizations (past and present) that Toynbee claims to have isolated, he attempts to formulate "empirically" the universal laws that govern the rise and fall of societies. But he errs, first, in taking as his model the ideal type of "Hellenic" (Greco-Roman) civilization, which he, as a classicist, knows best. The Hellenic model becomes a Procrustean bed for history. Further, most of Toynbee's laws are vague, or are argued from doubtful analogies, or are perfectly circular justifications of fact: the laws are used to define various civilizations, and the civilizations are invoked to substantiate the laws. Finally, *A Study of History* is a myopic overview: pattern out of touch, and out of control. Toynbee damns "antinomian historians," who see history as a flux with no pattern in it, but goes to the opposite extreme himself, imposing his laws with sovereign disregard for the historical fact, either its validity or its complexity (which are sometimes the same thing). Too often, having derived a law-full pattern from facts, Toynbee elaborately labels its parts and then bats these tags about like tennis balls, until the concepts, by virtue of their prominence, have more reality than the events to which they are applied. Toynbee's history is not the ideal combination of broad systematic and carefully focused analyses. It is a large, vivid structure of concepts lifted free from the messy intractability of historical actuality —much as choreography is abstracted from a dance.

Toynbee's analysis of history depends on promiscuous use of the catchword. He says, for instance, that in a healthy society the "creative minority" sustains "mimesis," a rote-mechanical imitation of superior by inferior which miraculously acts as social cement. But an unhealthy society suffers a "nemesis of creativity," due to "idolization of the false self," or of the "ephemeral institution," or of "ephemeral technique" (i.e., the elite, resting on its laurels, grows complacently rigid and unadaptive). Then mimesis disappears, or must be compelled. The creative minority becomes the "dominant minority"; their "disciples" become "proletariat." The "schism in the soul" appears, to produce (besides more catchwords) "abandon and self-control," "truancy and martyrdom," "drift and abandon," "detachment and transfiguration." The choice of words betrays the Christian and classical biases that deal the *coup de grâce* to Toynbee's already overtaxed empiricism, indeed, to his very reasoning powers. Cause and effect begin to look suspiciously like sin and retribution; the laws of history smack of Divine Providence and Greek fate. Most readers will have parted company with Toynbee long before he concludes that some miraculous spiritual improvement will yet "reprieve" our failing Western civilization.

Yet despite its dazzling faults, *A Study of History* is a treasury of concepts and frameworks, gathered from Aristotle through Spengler. Most of the best of these, out of the 6 volumes of *A Study of History* then published, were taken up by Ortega y Gasset in 1948-49, in twelve lectures to his newly founded Institute of the Humanities, in Madrid. *An Interpretation of Universal History* is a compilation of those lectures on Toynbee.

Ortega was then returned from exile, sick, of uncertain status in Franco's Spain, breaking a literary silence of fifteen years following the fiasco of his involvement in the Republic. Despite his disclaimers ("What I am saying has nothing to do with possible political opinions held by me or by anyone else"), *An Interpretation of Universal History* is very much about politics—particularly Spanish politics—and very much, as always with Ortega, a here-and-now didactic effort. His use of Roman history is parabolic—which gives the lectures a

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lively double focus. (One wishes only that the translator had explained more of the allusions, and explained them better.)

Dense but not difficult, the lectures display to advantage Ortega's positive genius for adapting (or perverting) other people's ideas. He takes, for instance, Toynbee's law of "challenge and response" (which Toynbee in turn modified from Bagehot), according to which civilizations spring up in response to difficulty. Egyptian civilization arose not because the Nile insured water but because the Nile region, originally swampy, needed a new kind of social organization to drain it. Ortega rejects obstacle-and-reaction as the genesis of civilizations, merely. "Man is essentially an unbalanced animal whose existence is always one of a greater and lesser degree of imbalance" between himself and his "medium," between his inner world of imaginary ideals, and his outer world of "what is." Man "needs to be what he is not," says Ortega, transforming challenge and response into a definition of perpetual existential disequilibrium.

An Interpretation of Universal History shows also Ortega's humanistic individualism, in which he differs radically from Toynbee and other speculative philosophers of history. Toynbee takes as his "unit of study" the civilization "in its entirety"; Ortega strives to save the individual lost in the generalization (as he is, elsewhere, lost in the mass). Man does not yield his meaning to history studied as a natural science: "should we not fear that [Toynbee] might minimize the intimate and secret elements in every human happening, and fail to take into account . . . that man in the abstract does not exist, and that a people . . . is made up of individuals?" The aim of history is to project us into the individual distant in time, so that we can understand his existential involvement with his social medium, all with a view to applying it to our own lives—for what else is history but our "pre-occupation" with the future?

Ortega's prescriptive leap of faith is that somehow, magically, when the individual is perfected, the whole society will go right. Like *The Revolt of the Masses, An Interpretation of Universal History* counsels studious self-perfection, much as Matthew Arnold invokes an aristocracy of culture to cultivate disinterestedness, best ideas, sweetness and light, and the semi-mystical faculty of criticism—which resembles what Ortega elsewhere calls "historical reason": the speculative faculty with which we make the choices that constitute the act of living.

Historic reason requires the ability to see clearly and to "reflect conceptually," two qualities Ortega perpetually blamed Spanish intellectuals for lacking. And Ortega's mission as an intellectual—apparent throughout this volume—is to provoke thought, rather than to provide a series of neatly boxed concepts, as Toynbee does. Contrasted with Toynbee's oversystematization, Ortega's approach to history has a quality of play. Sometimes as inaccurate as Toynbee, he is never as rigid. He stresses the relativity of the historian's perspective, the complexity and possibility of history —and of life itself.

The lecture is the form that suits Ortega best: moderately disorganized, improvisatory, eclectic, a dialogue with his audience that is elastic enough to allow him to prod and tease each individual into using his historic reason. (His philosophy, likewise, is a loose and open existential lesson; not intended to be a perfect abstraction, as a system of pure reason it is insignificant.) *An Interpretation of Universal History* lavishly condemns Toynbee, "one who never yields to facts," as a "representative sample of how an intellect can be out of shape." Ortega's attack is *ad hominem* abusive precisely because to him the individual, not the argument, is paramount. Toynbee's refusal to see clearly and "reflect conceptually" is a failure of historic

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reason, which makes him inauthentic. "In Toynbee's case [there is] hidden under what is called the 'empirical method' the totalitarian resolution that ideas which the English had previously in their minds shall echo the facts discovered." This is the pseudo-method and pseudo-experience of the mass man.

The central argument of *An Interpretation of Universal History* is the legitimacy of different kinds of government. Ortega (the method is late Heidegger) traces the use of "*Imperium*," Right, through Roman history, to show how its meaning changed as power shifted. His conclusions represent a hash-up of Weber's three types of legitimacy (rational-legal, traditional and charismatic), and an inversion of Rousseau's definition of legitimacy as the rational agreement to effect the general will. The only originating, mystical and absolute legitimacy, says Ortega, belongs to a monarch, *rex sacrorum*, king "by the grace of God," whose *charisma* signifies that he is nearer the gods than all others. Semi-legitimate power is founded on the belief that God has given the right to govern to certain families, as with the Roman Senate, or with a constitutional monarchy. The Roman Empire, however, is a form of "collective life" where effectiveness and not the grace of God is the reason for obedience. Like Rome, our own civilization falls apart because it insists on the legitimacy of popular sovereignty, which is actually "unconsecrated public power, absolute and absolutely illegitimate."

In fact, Ortega's analysis of power is very much like Toynbee's. The "nemesis of creativity" resembles the failure of the elite to create and adapt, as detailed in *The Revolt of the Masses*. Toynbee also implies, especially later in *A Study of History*, that civilizations fail when their "soul," a shared religious faith, is lost. (As the Empire was overrun by Stoics and Epicureans, so Europe is overrun by Protestants and scientists.) Ortega finds a similar collective soul in the "*consensus*" of a whole people in a certain concept of the world, a unity that "is and must be religious." By way of example, he points to pre-war Madrid, as well as Rome.

Ortega's consecration of power is actually a consecration of the past. He argues that to the Roman, law was sacred and inviolate. When law became a question of justice, it became man-made and transitory, no longer absolute, no longer the "connecting substance which unifies the life of a people." Rome lost faith in the *mos maiorum*, the usages of its ancestors, which had been "the firm, compact, and consecrated belief on which the pure legitimacy of the immemorial past was founded." So now with Europe.

An Interpretation of Universal History continues Ortega's unashamed battle with "modernity." He looks back to a legitimate past, claims that only the past can legitimatize the present, offers us mystical conservatism. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

The Metropolitan Museum of Art has published a Report on Art Transactions, 1971-1973, in response to the public outcry at its policy of "deaccessioning" parts of what used to be called the permanent collection. Deaccession "does not mean sale," the report explains, but describes the decision whereby "an object can be removed from the collection"; *then* it may be sold or exchanged. This procedure is defended by a history of deaccessioning prior to the present scandals, including an account of earlier sales and exchanges. The point is to show continuity of practice.

Robert W. deForrest, a former president of the museum, is quoted as saying in 1929 that museums were facing a new problem. "Hitherto their chief effort has been to acquire. Now many of them begin to dispense." Storage difficulties, shortage of exhibition space and delays in cataloguing all followed from the massive input of museums in their founding periods. And for the past forty years an unceasing process of internal weeding out has been a standard but unemphasized activity. Past sales and exchanges are likened to the recent sales by the Metropolitan of thirty-two works from the de Groot collection (including *le douanier* Rousseau's "The Tropics" which alerted public concern) and 6,664 Greek and Roman coins.

However there is a substantial difference between the former policy and its later implementation for which in fact the new word, "deaccession," had to be found. It is essential, if a museum is to function effectively, to assure the stability of the permanent collection. This does not mean freezing all acquisitions but it does mean managing the collection nondestructively and here Thomas Hoving, the director, and the trustees failed. The sudden unloading of an unsatisfactory bequest has, as should have been anticipated, corroded the confidence of future donors.

It is only too clear that the sales of the coins have weakened and not "refined" the collection. The coins, originally assembled when rich stores were available, had a greater meaning together, in series, than now that they are scattered. Comparison between related works is no longer possible. It is probable that numismatics was the field chosen for this act of dissolution because it is not one that commands much popular interest. However the museum has acknowledged its error by responding to scholarly criticism and canceling a projected third sale of coins. These "pagan pennies" will be kept together and sold to the American Numismatic Society at less than their estimated market value.

Taste changes but in theory museum collections do not. Since a museum is presumed to span generations, unlike private galleries which rarely survive their founders, a museum stores information rather in the way that a library does. It is important therefore not to revise the collection according to topical theories or pragmatic criteria. For instance, the Met used to show 19th-century Academic Art, but withdrew it under the impact of the School of Paris. Now there is a revival in the prestige of Academic painters and sculptors, one example of which is the Met's recent exhibition of Lawrence Alma-Tadema's work under the title, "Victorians in Togas."

Our own heroes are no less likely to oscillate in esteem and value and this is part of the problem raised by the acquisition of a sculpture by the recently deceased David Smith. The museum got the funds for it by selling lesser works by Bonnard, Juan Gris (two), Modigliani, Picasso and Renoir. It is a big sculpture, but so was the price: $250,000 for a piece that had been $100,000 four years earlier. There is no shortage of Smith's sculpture in the United States and, taking the longevity of museums into account, there is no reason to doubt that sooner or later collectors will come forward with donations of Smith, even if the executors of the artist's estate refrain from doing so. To pay such a high market price for this piece raises, at the very least, strong doubts concerning the museum's timing.

On January 14 Hoving told a reporter that "prices paid to the museum are never disclosed." Now all the prices of the deaccessioned works of the past three years are published in the report, including even the unsuccessful bids and who made them. Mr. Hoving is ready with a phrase: "it's a new era of disclosure" (*The New York Times*, June 27). It is, now that he has been found out. The trouble really stems from Hoving's impatience to consolidate his regime at the Met. His policies are not new, only badly administered. What he has done is to

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"deaccession" brutally what his predecessors "dispensed" with quietly. He has coarsened the process of judgment and management, both in sorting out the collection and in his search for star acquisitions. This report signals a change which one hopes will be real. It is especially encouraging that an agreement has been made between the Metropolitan Museum and the state Attorney General's office which, to quote the latter, "provides for full disclosure to my office as representative of the public as the ultimate beneficiary of charitable gifts." □

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MUSIC / David Hamilton

As a result of the strike at the New York City Opera, the honor of presiding at the *de facto* opening of the new music season devolved on Cathy Berberian, usually encountered as an interpreter of contemporary music (later this season, she will present Berio's *Recital* as part of a bill of contemporary works at the mini-Met). This program, however, was entitled *"A la recherche de la musique perdue (comme une soirée chez Mme. Verdurin)."* Onto a stage adorned with delicately tacky art nouveau trappings, gowned (or should I say "upholstered") in lavender by Erté, trailed by Bruno Canino as a gleefully obsequious accompanist, came Miss Berberian, dispensing sang-froid by the liter. Announcing her *ad hoc* selections from among the thirty-one items enumerated in the program (and adding several not listed there), the singer proceeded to explore the ill-marked borderlines dividing the realms of *Kitsch*, camp and high art.

It was an enticing idea. There was good music turned bad (song arrangements of Beethoven instrumental themes), modest music once taken very seriously (minor-league art songs and drawing-room ballads), bad music of high purpose (a temperance song by Mrs. Parkhurst), fine music from "low" surroundings (Offenbach and Sullivan operetta numbers). Miss Berberian could do these straightforwardly or mockingly, with *belle-époque* panache or modern restraint. And her deadpan announcements, her stage mannerisms and by-play with the pianist, offered further opportunities for aesthetic subversion.

First came a "song by Mr. Reynaldo Hahn," sung with quiet absorption and limpid tone. Weckerlin's coy *Bergerette* became still coyer. The original song version of Saint-Saëns' *Danse Macabre* (perhaps a case of bad music later made good?) was pantomimed with extravagant gestures. The Offenbach numbers were condescended to from a considerable elevation. A César Cui song returned once again to the serious vein. Which, indeed, were manifestations of art, which were trash? It clearly all depended. . . .

But later things were not so clearly unclear. The focus wavered, and we were no longer *chez* Mme. Verdurin, but rather at an Anna Russell comedy hour. Purcell's *Nymphs and Shepherds* sung flat with excruciating precision; Liza Lehmann's *There are Fairies at the Bottom of our Garden*, a little self-conscious in its avoidance of Bea Lillie's famous performance; *One Day When We Were Young*, Tiomkin's pastiche of Johann Strauss for the film *The Great Waltz*, the accent and birdlike tones of Miliza Korjus mocked to perfection—these were *tours de force*, but of another kind altogether. The persona presented in the earlier part of the program, an elegant but unsophisticated salon recitalist with an intriguingly uncertain stylistic touch, now broke out of that frame of time, place and outlook. Subtle aesthetic commentary went by the board, shifting perspectives on the nature of taste gave way to outright parody.

Too bad. Perhaps it was Miss Berberian's little commentary on this particular, somewhat raucous audience; given the aleatory nature of the program, it might well have turned out differently under other circumstances. She is a remarkable performer: every note, every gesture shows wit and perception; every word, in four languages, had clarity and point. Her voice is flexible, secure, multicolored, if in no way exceptional for range or power. Bruno Canino is the perfect partner, whose mocking subservience of manner happily did not extend into the musical realm, for his playing was tonally luscious and rhythmically vivacious. □

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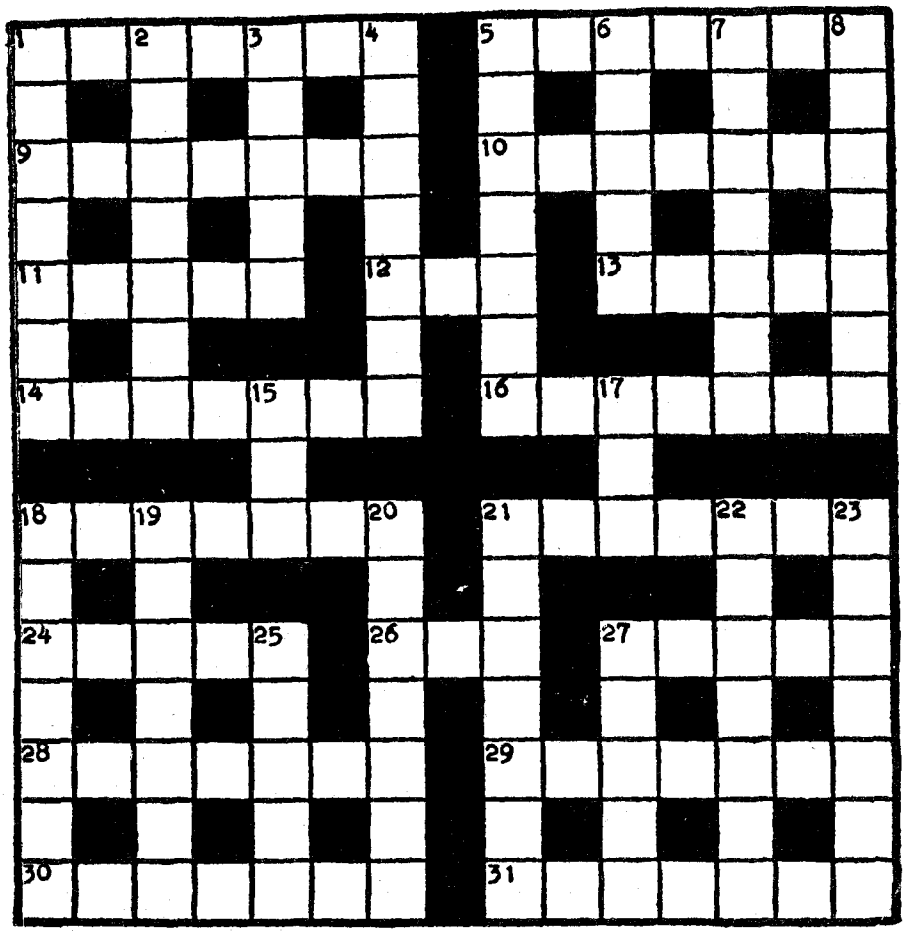

ACROSS

1 See 5 down
5 One who convinces you he is familiar with the policy? (7)
9 Between red and green. (7)
10 One of those things that implies the sun's Hades, with no break. (7)
11 See 12 across
12, 28, 11 and 26 If Daniel Boone were a cop, would this be his? (3,4,3,2,3,3)
13 Such a title is not uniform. (5)
14 and 24 The point they are most familiar with might be ecclesiastical. (12)
16 Possibly the leading member of the animal kingdom, in running. (7)
18 What might be left if the shells are thrown out. (7)
21 Plenty of room in the boat, evidently, for what might be freely given. (7)
24 See 14 across
26 See 12 across
27 City that has an appropriate backing around morning. (5)
28 See 12 across
29 For ladies to wear on International Day? Father might be civil if you do! (7)
30 Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's Lady were subcutaneously so. (7)
31 Saw, typically, what one might stoop to use in spying. (7)

DOWN

1 They have a high degree of what a fiddler sometimes does, in a sense. (7)
2 Sink containing the fuel, perhaps. (7)
3 Drab color, possibly. (5)
4 What catches the fish when the tide flows in an unusual way around it? (There's little room to eat here!) (7)
5 and 1 across What started an Olympic contest was not the Eden type! (5,2,7)
6 It's sure peculiar a large number produce it, but it's in your blood! (5)
7 Would a score of drummers in a quiet passage be rather soothing? (7)
8 and 15 down What might be left on the alley seems to make your dough go further, (7,3)
17 and 23 down Being in need of repair, might it impede Aries somewhat? (10)
18 Jack almost comes up with words of encouragement, and persuades one to a course of action by his charm! (7)
19 In mathematics, imperfect sets can. (7)
20 A real battle for what might be found in the delicatessen! (7)
21 Evidently viewed the American dollar only as a means of support. (7)
22 Flexible, and nothing on the river looks like another! (7)
23 See 17 down
25 Out-of-phase configuration. (5)
27 Obviously Welsh candy! (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1504

ACROSS: 1 and 13 Break the bad news; 5 Slavic; 10 Braid; 11 Carnation; 12 Leafage; 15 Strange; 18 Annular; 21 Salome; 24 and 14 Love and kisses; 26 Ravenna; 27 Foolhardy; 29 Stairs; 30 Friendly. DOWN: 1 and 28 Bubble baths; 2 Emanation; 3 Kidnaps; 4 Hackers; 6 Leander; 7 Voice; 8 Canister; 9 Bribes; 16 Nominated; 17 Bailiffs; 19 Leather; 20 Riders; 21 Sprayer; 22 Lovable; 23 Marshy; 25 Viola.

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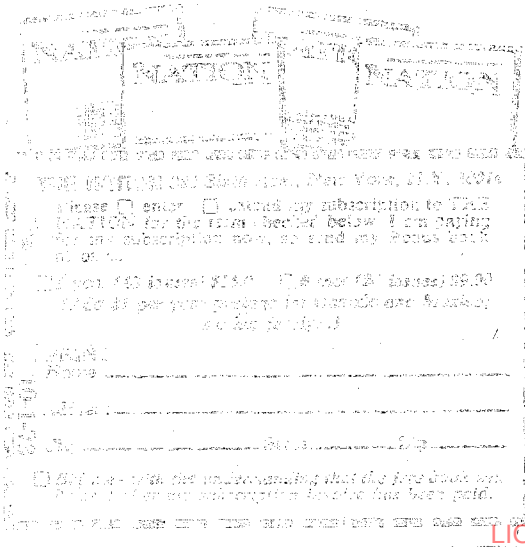

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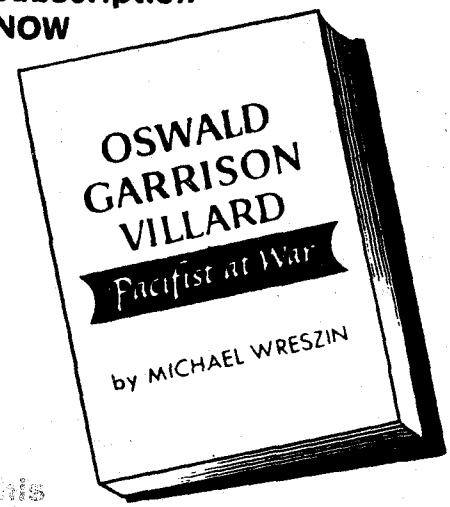

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